

BELPHEGOR:
John OR THE *Greatest* 1817
Marriage of the Devil.

A
Tragi-Comedy.
Lately ACTED at the
QUEEN'S THEATRE
IN
DORSET-GARDEN.

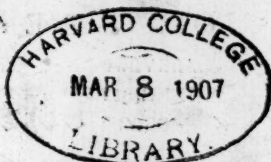
By Mr. WILSON.

----- *Prodesse potest, aut delectare* -----

LICENS'D, October 13. 1690.

L O N D O N :

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THE
AUTHOR
TO THE
READER.

M*Atchiavel* (whether the Original were his own, or *Straporola's*, for both liv'd near the same time, and both play'd with the same Story) gave me the Argument of the ensuing Play; the substance of which, is briefly thus.

The Argument.

I*T* having been observ'd in Hell, that the Souls of such as came thither, generally complain'd, That their Wives sent them; it was at last resolv'd, that some one of themselves (as by Lot it fell) should for the better discovery of the Truth thereof, repair to the Earth, take upon him some Humane Figure, and for his better Encouragement, carry with him a round Summ of Money in his Pocket; subjected nevertheless to all the Conditions of Humanity, and, in the first place, to Marry a Wife, and live with her Ten Years (if possible) and after that, to return, and make them a true Account, upon his own Experience.

This Lot fell to *Belphegor*, their old General, who assuming a brisk young Figure, settles in Florence, under the Name of *Roderigo*, and Quality of a Merchant, newly come from the Indies;

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Indies ; and Marries a Lady, of greater Blood, than Fortune, whom he so loves in earnest, that she finds it, and seeks all occasions of squandering his Estate ; which yet, he as readily complies with, because it pleases his Wife : However, the Trade of a Merchant goes forward, and his Adventures at Sea, fall nothing short of her Extravagance at Home.

This, and other Accidents, make him incur Debts ; and, as other Men in like Cases, he takes up Money to support his Credit ; till at last, his Ships at Sea being all lost, what with his Creditors pressing him on the one hand, and his Wife's Uneasiness on the other, he fairly Breaks.

And now, being subjected to all the Conditions of Humanity, like those other Men, he flies, and takes Sanctuary with one Matheo (a Neighbouring Vineyard-Keeper) tells him his Condition ; and that if he'll shelter him from the Bailiffs, that are in close pursuit of him, he'll make him a Man for ever : In short, Matheo does it ; and expecting the performance of his Promise, Roderigo tells him, that he is not what he appears to be (a Man) but a very Devil ; and gives him some pregnant instances of it : However, to shew him what a Gentleman of a Devil he had met in him, further tells him, that as soon as he parted from him, he would instantly possess such a Great Lady, and that nothing should remove him, till he came, and therefore had him be assur'd, and make his terms ; and so, leaves him.

Nor was he worse than his Word ; but immediately possess'd the said Lady, and suffer'd himself to be dislodg'd from her by Matheo ; as also of a second ; with this Caution nevertheless, that if he put him to't a third time, he should find him his mortal Enemy.

On this Belphegor makes a trip into France, and possesses that King's Daughter, but not sooner than the Report of the Two former Ladies had reach'd that Court. Whereupon, the King sends several Messages, with large Promises of Reward to Matheo, to come and dispossess his Daughter, which he as often shifts ; till at last, the King having gotten him into his Hands, tells him, that unless he dispossess her, he will certainly hang him. To be short,

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short, Matheo puts on a bold Face, and accosts Belphegor; but, finding all to no purpose, throws himself upon the King's Mercy, in favourably accepting his Endeavours; and demands a large Stage, with all sorts of Musick, and Pomp imaginable; and that the Lady be brought upon it: to be sure withal, that when he threw up his Cap, that they all strike up together, with a general Shout: And this (said he) with some other Ingredients he had, would, be doubted not, but deliver the Lady.

In fine, all things being accordingly prepared, and ready, the Lady is brought upon the Stage, and from one thing to another, they at last, quarrel, and Matheo throws up his Cap; which is seconded with a full shout; at which the possess'd Lady starting, and demanding the meaning of all that noise; Matheo tells the Devil in her, his Wife had found him out, and was just coming up Stairs; on which the Lady gives a Spring at him, and drops; and Belphegor leaves her.

Thus far *Matchiavel*, whom I have chiefly follow'd; saving, that where he runs his Fable from one Country, to another, I found my self necessitated (for preserving the unity of Time, and Place, as much as it would bear) to fix the Scene, in some one place; and accordingly, chang'd it from his *Florence*, &c. to *Genoa*; and this, the rather; partly, in that the Women of *Genoa*, have a greater liberty, than in other parts of *Italy*; and partly, that the Dukedom of *Genoa* being elective, from two Years, to two Years, I might make way for a cross Walk of Vertue, and thereby divert the tediousness of a single Walk. A Path (I must confess) not so generally trodden, yet even in that, the less subject to Sloughs, or Dust.

To this purpose, I fancy, *Imperia the Wife of Belphegor* had a Sister *Portia* (of as high Vertue, as herself was void of it) married to *Montalto*, a noble *Genoese*, who had sunk his Fortune, in serving the Republick; which yet (unknown to him) had been generously restor'd, by another Nobleman his Friend; and thence, endeavour some short Characters of Friendship, and Gratitude—Of a Woman, that sweetens her Husband, on all occasions of discontent; One, whom no accident of Fortune can move,

nor

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nor Injury how design'd soever, provoke to an Indecency: And of a Man in him, that weathers his Troubles with an evenness of Mind; One, whom his Country's Ingratitude cannot tempt to a Revenge, and so little affecting his own Grandeur, that when the Senate had at last elected him Duke, he modestly refus'd it.

And having wrought altogether the best I could, I absolve the whole: Of which yet, because I may not be so competent a Judge my self, I here give it, as I wrote it, and leave it to my unbiass'd Reader to determine, whether it might not have expected as much Justice from the House, as it found from the Actors.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

On the occasion that the Play fell to be acted next
after the Prophetess.

BOld was the Man that first put out to Sea;
Nor less adventrous, he that writes a Play:
Both have their hits; some scudd before the Wind,
Others lie by, and others, lagg behind;
And what's the Fate of Plays, the bare Success
Of any one, makes the next Comer less;
The Market's cloy'd; some like not this, some that,
And (as in Surfeits) wou'd, they know not what:
So when the Prophetess has fed your Eye,
From Pit, and Box, to Upper Gallery,
What may our Devil of this Night expect?
Our Auther once, was half afraid, neglect;
Till he bethought him, the best remedy,
For a pall'd Stomach, was Variety:
What made the Poets Gods so oft below?
Or what Apollo, so unbend his Bow?
Or what makes you, leave a fair Wife at home,
For a Grass-Girl, or some odd homely Joan?
What, but diversion? And so, I'm bid say,
He's in good hopes you'll not forejudge his Play.

But stay — Let's see whom 'tis he must accost?
'Tis not the Wits he fears, they're ever just:
And for those, that can only carp, nor care
While they keep pushing, how themselves lie bare:
Those, that speak well of nothing, but their own,
And damn, or save, meerely for Faction:
Those, that bolt what they please, no matter how,
And carry't off not by their Brains, but Brow:
If any such are here, 'twere well they knew,
Rome's greatest Wits, were the best natur'd too:
But, if this will not do, he justly, thence
Brings his Appeal to you, the Men of Sense;
And if he must be pelted, begs this Boon;
Let him that has least Wit, throw the first Stone.

The

The Persons.

- Montalto.* A Noble *Genoese*, who had impair'd his Fortune in serving the Republick.
- Grimaldi.* One other Nobleman, his Friend, who (unknown to him) relieves his Estate.
- Roderigo.* A Devil disguis'd under that Name, and Person : His proper Name *Belphegor* : Given out for a *Spanish* Merchant, come from the *Indies*.
- Fieschi.* Nephew to *Grimaldi* ; Gallant to *Imperia*.
- Marone.* An upstart Officer of *St. George's Bank* : Speaks evil, of Mankind ; admires *Roderigo* for his Wealth, and vilifies *Montalto*.
- Matheo.* A Vineyard-Keeper.
- Pansa.* Servant to *Fieschi*.
- Don Hercio.* A Bravoe.
- Crispo.* } Two Puggs, Servants to *Roderigo*. *Crispo*, his
- Mingo.* } Valler : *Mingo*, his Page.
- Picaro.* The common Executioner.
- Portia.* Wife to *Montalto*.
- Imperia.* Her Sister, Wife to *Roderigo*.
- Julia.* Niece to the Duke of *Genoa* : A *Demoniaick*, possess'd by *Belphegor*.
- Bianca.* Woman to *Portia*.
- Quartilla.* *Matrona*, to *Imperia*.
- Scintilla.* Woman, to *Imperia*.
- Servants. Officers. Watchmen. *Jews*. Women. *Belzebub*, and Puggs. Boys. Rabble.

SCENE, *Genoa*.

BELPHEGOR:

OR, THE

Marriage of the Devil.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A stately Room in Roderigo's House.

Enter Roderigo, followed by Crispo and Mingo.

Rod. **W**E Spirits, uncompounded Effences,
Not manacled, or immur'd with Walls of Flesh;
We can dilate, condense, or limb our selves,
As like us best; assume what Colour, Shape
Or Size we please. And I have taken this;
My Servants, that—my Name below, *Belphegor*;
Here, *Roderigo*.—My Quality, a Merchant
Come from the *Indies*.—O most happy Lot!
Who would believe, that void and formless Mass,
That fluid infinite, had e'er produc'd
Such an harmonious Order?—It strikes Wonder
And Ecstasy. — [*He turns to his Servants.*
And what think ye of this World? Is not this better than toasting the
Soals of your Feet?

Crisp. The Air, I must confess, is somewhat better — but for the
People—not a doit to chuse.

Min. I fanse 'em the worst of the two; and more fond of the Place,
than our selves.

Rod. Can ye blame 'em? — They know what they are in this World,
they know not what they may be in the next.

Crisp. Yet live here, as if they expected no other — And so exquisi-
tely practis'd in Cheating one another, that the best of us is a meer
Novice to 'em.

B

Min.

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Min. Not a Skip-kennel, but gives you three Tricks for one.

Crisf. And for their Masters — could you believe it, Sir, I met with a Signior t'other Night, most devoutly, with his Beads in one Hand, and the other in my Pocket.

Rod. Why didst not beat him?

Crisf. I did but challenge him for't, and the Rogue had the Impudence to kick me, for taxing a Person of his Honour.

Min. I believe both our assumed Bodies were damn'd Cowards, while they lived here; — for my part, I had rather take ten kicks, than so much as look back to see who gave me one of 'em.

Rod. But sure, the Women treat ye better?

Crisf. As judge your self — it is not long since I had a concern with a Signiora; and just as I had stript, and was going to Bed to her, slip, went the Trap-door, and down dropt *Crispo* into the Common-shore.

Min. And mine has given me such a Remembrance of her Love, that, as Young soever as my Figure speaks me, I can hardly speak Knitting-needles, without endangering the Bridge of my Nose — And when I tax'd her for it, had the Impudence to ask me, how she could give it, when she still kept it her self? [*Rod. smiles.*]

Rod. But how d'ye find Mankind in general?

Crisf. Still slandering us — As drunk as a Devil — As mad as a Devil — As poor as a Devil — As dull as a Devil — And what not! — when yet, there's not so much difference between us, as would turn a pair of Scales.

Min. And then perpetually playing Fast and Loose with us — Ever and anon giving their Souls to the Devil; yet, at last, bequeathing them another Way, without the least thought of the pre-conveyance to us. — And therefore, I beseech ye, give me leave to return to my old Quarters.

Crisf. Not forgetting thy Excellencies, poor *Crispo*.

Rod. Villiachoos! — And must ye throw up your Cards, when they play into your Hand? Peace — and be thankful — All this but makes our Game — Go — humour them — for we're restrain'd, and can do nothing without themselves — They hold the Candle to us — The Mud's their own; We only shake the Viol, and stir it up — and so — look out — and sharp. — [*Exeunt Crispo and Mingo.*]

Now to my own Affair — [*Rod. takes out a Paper and reads.*]
At the Pandemonium, or Common-Council of the Infernal Lake — Present — *Lucifer, Abaddon, Belzebub*, and others, the High and Mighty Lords, Potentates, and Princes of the *Grand Abyss* — Whereas, upon taking our Yearly Audits, it has been observ'd, that the Souls of such as arrive, generally agree, that their Wives sent them — And whereas, the said Board had formerly Ordered, That for the better discovery of the Truth thereof, some one of their Body (as by Lot it should fall) repair to Earth — And whereas the said Lot fell

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fell to Belphegor, Generalissimo of the Aspalick Lake — Resolved, as followeth.

1. That the said Belphegor forthwith take upon him that Province, and that a Million of Duceats be assign'd him; not as Advance, but his full Complement. — *And well enough — no ill Encouragement.*

2. That for the better carrying on of the said Service, Himself (and Two other Spirits assigned him as Servants) be at Liberty to assume, and actuate what Bodies, and settle in what Part of the World, shall like him best. — *And I have don't.*

3. That upon his first Choice, of his Place of Residence, he immediately Marry a Wife, and live with her Ten Years (if possible) after which (pretending to die) that he return, and, upon his own Experience, make Affidavit, of the Pleasures and Calamities of Marriage. — *And I have done that first. — A desperate Service, no doubt! —*

[He Smiles.]

4. That he lose all Qualities of a Spirit (unless, perhaps, upon some last Exigence) and become in all things as a Man; subject to all the Conditions of Humanity, — Poverty, Imprisonment, Passions, Fear, Hate, Love. —

Were there Ten Thousand more, that sweetned all.

Love! — There's no Passion, but what's founded on't:

Men Fear, for what they Love — Desire, Hate, Envy,

And all, because they Love themselves. — But mine

Carries a nobler Tincture; and I Love

To that Degree, I've half forgot the Sex. [He changes his Voice.]

And, but that she has little odd Humours, and perhaps too, some Fits

of her Mother; O Origen! I'd release thy Kindness, and never accept

other Heaven, than here.

But see! — She comes! [Imperia and Attendants cross the Stage,

as conducting her Sister Portia to her Coach —

They bow at distance — He points after her.

Such was the Infant-Morn, when it first brake

And blush'd, to see the Chaos left behind her:

Thence I felt Passion first — What else I view'd

Wrought in my Mind no Change, no fond Desire:

But there, I am transported. — I, that was

High Proof 'gainst all things else, There, there alone,

Weak, for to me, what'er she Wills is Fate. [Imp. returns, sola.]

He runs to her.

Sure Nature was asleep when thou stol'st forth,

And all the Graces she design'd an Age,

Crowded themselves together, and made thee.

Imp. And are not you a fine Gentleman, to coax your poor Wife? —

Alas, poor Fool! she cannot chuse but believe ye.

Rod. Couldst thou but see my Heart, thou wouldst.

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Imp. You can't Dissemble — not you — you are — *Mary*,
that you are — [She strokes him.]

Rod. At least would be, whate'er I thought might please thee:
And were the World at my dispose, 'twere thine.

Imp. No doubt of it — Witness the Necklace.

Rod. I had forgot —

Imp. And so you do every thing that concerns me.

Rod. See — I have brought thee a better. [He gives her a Necklace.]

Imp. But I long'd for t'other — The Set of Neapolitan Horfes too —
But I'm your Wife — There — [She throws it away] 'Pray' bestow
it where you intended it — I cou'd observe that Eye of yours, as my
Sister past you. [He offers to Embrace her. — She turns him off.]

Rod. Fie, my *Imperia*, fie — Wilt thou be always thus?

Imp. And much you care, whether I am or not — One would
think a Woman of my Quality — [She puts Finger in Eye.] I know
not why so many good Women die; — but with I were dead too,
that I might trouble you no longer.

Rod. No — I'll die first, that thou mayst have another.

Imp. No marvel, truly — I live so well with you.

Rod. She crys! — By Heaven, she crys! — Poor Innocence! — My
Life! — My Soul! — My *Imperia*! — Thou shalt have any thing; —
We'll come to Articles.

Imp. And long you'll keep 'em.

Rod. By this Kiss — for ever. [She receives it, still sobbing.]

Imp. And shall I have the Necklace I long'd for? [Sobs.]

Rod. Thou shalt, my Dear.

Imp. The Set of Horfes too? [Sobs.]

Rod. I would they were better for thy Sake. — Thou shalt.

Imp. The broach of Diamonds would be very becoming, — and the
Locket, — [a half sob] now 'twas so pretty.

Rod. That, and whatever else thou wilt.

Imp. The Pearl too — Were large, round, Oriental — and the
Pendants — so delicate — I fancies how I should appear in them.

[She comes into a pleasant Humour.]

Rod. Less than thou truly art: — But thou shalt have 'em.

Imp. And — [She strokes him] do what I will?

Rod. What pleases thee, sha'n't be amiss to me — only be kind, —
and love thy *Roderigo*. [They strike hands upon it.]

Imp. A match, a match, — I will. [Makes a low Reverence. Exit.]

Rod. Some techy Mortal now would have quarrell'd; but we, old
Experienc'd Devils, know better things, — [He walks.]
And live with her Ten Years (if possible.) — Mistaken Fools —
'tis possible. — I will live with her, — and that, for ever.

[It thunders. A Head rises.]

Head. Thy Articles, *Belphegor*; thy Articles.

Rod. And

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Rod. And what of them? — The Casuists are clear in the point; — They may be shifted for Advantage. — Sue 'em.

Head. But is there not a Publick Faith, even among Devils?

Rod. It may be broke for Empire, why not for Love then, that commandeth Empire? It may, and shall — Be gone.

Head. Be Witness, thou inviolable *Stryx*!

Thou'ast broken thine; and I pronounce thee Mutinous. [*Sinks.*

Rod. That I could reach the Slave, — I'd make him know,

I fill my Orb my self, and make my Circle

Without a barrowed Light — [*Another Thunder.*

Squib on — and say,

I am more proud in my *Imperia's* Love,

Than when (as Thunder-proof) I once bestrid

That vast Convex of Fire; and leading up

The embattled *Legions* of *Apostate Cherubs*,

Plow'd the Parch'd Earth, and made th'affrighted Deep

Shrink to its last Recefs.

Enter Imperia running.

Imp. O my Dear, heard you not the Thunder? I'm so afraid. —

Rod. Of what? of thy own Shadow?

Imp. How can you be alone?

Rod. Yet, meditating on thee — That very Thought were Company enough.

Imp. O, but confess; you look as you were disturb'd.

Rod. And thou so near? Impossible. — Or were it so, The Sight of thee would reconcile my Passions, And give me to my self. [*She strokes him.*

Imp. But won't you tell me true? Are you not well?

Rod. How can that Man be Ill, that's Happy enough To pity *Caesar*? And such am I in thee. [*He Embraces her.*

Here will I fix my Empire — Here I'll Reign, And Reign alone. [*He leads her off. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A stately Room in Grimaldi's House.*

Enter Grimaldi, Marone, Fieschi, Panfa.

Gri. YOU cannot say, but that he paid you honestly.

Mar. I wish I could say, I were as well satisfy'd. — I never found such honest Payments rais'd an Estate; — if ever I deal more on single Interest, may I lose my Principal.

Gri. Who'd have expected even that, at least, taken it from one so honourable,

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honourable, that has perish'd his own Fortune, to save the Publick.

Mar. These honourable Rags are such fine Things! — how, I pray^s, do you find the price currant? Does the Frippery deal in such Lumber? — I think not. — Good Sir, keep your whipt-pollset for your better Friends, and give me, more substantial Fare.

Fief. His Vertue, might deserve better Language; and it may be a Question, if it had not been for him, Whether the State had been — at least, what it now is.

Gri. And true. — When the Sun could hold no longer, and the Moon slept, his Eyes have been our Sentinels.

Mar. But what Money has he got with all this? Or what Share in the Government? — Simple Merit Lords few Mens *Horscope*.

Gri. Greater than both, — the Conscience of Worthy Actions.

Mar. What Credit has it in the Bank? — for my part, I can boast I have kill'd mine. — And, if you'd here me, cou'd shew you a Man has done nothing of all this, and yet, even the Senate will confess him Wise, Prudent, Virtuous, — every thing. — And, that he is not one of themselves, I believe it more his own Fault, than theirs.

Gri. Who should this be?

Mar. What think ye of his Brother-in-Law? — *Roderigo*. — There's a Man for ye! and, to my Glory, he calls me Friend.

Gri. But whence this Meteor?

Mar. Whence e'er he came, he darkens all our Stars: You'd swear he were descended of the *Goths*, Or had been at the Siege of *Constantinople*.

Gri. Some *Moor*, or Baptiz'd Jew?

Mar. Be what he will, *Turk*, *Pagan*, or *Infidel*, wou'd I'd his Wealth With his Religion. — He's a *Castilian*. Were I that Man!

Fief. You'd take't for an Affront His Catholick Majesty should call you Cousin.

Mar. And yet you hear me not complain. — I've that Which finds me Friends, or makes 'em. — That one Thing That can do all Things. — How it makes a Door — Or shut, or open.

Fief. Or your self (perhaps) Snore e'er your Cup, or find a Fly i'th' Ceiling.

Mar. That matters not; — I'm sure it breeds Compunction, And Fellow-feeling in a Man of Office; Makes, and remits Offences; — even Justice, More Deaf than she is Blind. — And who would want it?

Gri. That would *Grimaldi*, and every Man, whose Soul Is not compos'd of the same Dirt he treads.

Want it, (I mean) rather than have't, on terms Dishonourable, or Sordid.

Mar. But

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Mar. But d'ye think

Any ones Morals can reform the World ?

Don't they all thus? And, which is more, Court, Follow,
Adore the Rich, and spurn the Unfortunate.

Gri. And I as much the World.

Mar. But say, that World

Spurn you agen. — Did ever wise Man chuse

Him for a Friend, that was deprest by Fortune ?

Rats quit a falling House — and Men, a Party,

When they perceive it going.

Gri. Where's Honesty and Honour, all this while ?

Mar. Nay, if you come to that, farewell Kingdoms.

Nor is it mine to Question 'em. — Your Servant.

[Exit *Mar.*

Gri. Well, *Fieschi*, — and what thinkst thou ?

Fies. As is his Name, such is the Slave himself:

Who'd expect other from a Dog, but Snarling ?

Gri. His Soul is Sence ; and as he has no Knowledge of Vertue, he
has no use of it. — But how have you dispos'd *Montalto's* Matter ? Is it
so order'd, that it be not known from what Hand it came ?

Fies. 'Twas the last thing I did. — I left the Writings in a seal'd Box,
with *Bianca*, who has assur'd me, she'll watch an opportunity, and con-
vey it into her Ladies Closet.

Gri. As well as I could wish. — Good Man !

He could have sooner Perish'd, than told me,

Told me, his Friend, he wanted me. — Who sees

His Friend's Distress, and stays till he's entreated,

He comes too late. — 'Tis an Extorted Kindness ;

Lost ere it comes, and shews he wanted Will

T'ave done't at all. — But, this *Marone* sticks in my Stomach. —

Whence truly is he ?

Fies. *Pansa* (I think) remembers the first Plantation.

Pan. That do I, Sir, from the time he first came to Town in Second-
Mourning ; — that is, in a Livery as ragged and tatter'd as an He-
Goat ; — his Hat, right Beggars-block, no Crown to't ; — his Doublet
and Breeches so suitable, that in a dark Morning, he'd have mistaken
one for t'other ; — his Stockings, without Feet or Anckles, like a
Chandler's drawing-sleeves ; and those too he durst not trust off his
Legs, for fear of crawling away. — In a word, a Thing made up of
so many several Parishes, that you'd have taken him, at first sight, for
a Frontispiece of the Resurrection.

Fies. Thence, he came in as a Sub-subcollector ; and thence, into
S^r *George's* Bank ; and now, being in his Nature insolent, this imagina-
ry Reputation has made him intolerable.

Gri. And for his other Qualities, I know somewhat my self: — He
never forgave beyond the Opportunity of a Revenge ; or spake well of
any

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any Man, but to his greater Disadvantage. — A pretty Gentleman. —
But — 'tis pity. —

Fief. Nay worse, shall play both the Devil's Parts, of Tempter and
Accuser: Provoke his Friend into a freedom of Talk, and then in-
form it.

Gri. Enough — And for fear of any mistake, make another step to
Bjorca. [Exeunt *Fief.* and *Pan.* Manet *Gri.*

And this Man thrive! — O *Lucian* thy Gods! — The Groans of deprest
Vertue, and loud Laughters of exalted Folly, gave first name to the
Fortunate Islands, where Men slept themselves away in the melancholy
Contemplations, between Vertue and Success.

To him enter Montalto and Portia.

You have prevented me — I was just coming
To give you joy. — The Senate have, at last,
Consider'd your Services.

Mon. And sent me a Gugaw,
An empty Nothing — Pth —

[*Mon.* takes out a Chain
and Medal, and shews it.

Gri. 'Twas never intended
Beyond a Mark of Honour, and a Pledge
Of future Kindness.

Mon. He's a Beast that serves
A Commonwealth; for when he has spent his Blood,
And sunk his Fortune, to support the Pride
And Luxury of those few that Cheat the rest,
He streight becomes the Object of their Scorn
Or Jealousie.

Gri. How odly my Friend argues
Against himself. — Have you not served the State
These Twenty Years? And can you think it Wisdom
To quarrel now? Or now, when reasonably
You might expect the Fruit of all your Hazards,
Arm them against you? — Vertue, Merit, Worth,
Ne'er wanted Enemies; make not you more.

Mon. When they behold themselves through their false Opticks,
They swell a Gnat into an Elephant;
When others, — how they turn the Glass, and lessen
A Mountain to a Mole-hill.

Gri. Are you the only Man has been so serv'd?
Who deserv'd better for a Law-giver,
Than *Solon*? Or Captain, than *Thrasibulus*?
Or Orator, than *Demosthenes*? Yet *Athens*,
Ungrateful *Athens*, banish'd the two first,
And slew the latter. — Unto whom ow'd *Rome*

More

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More, than to *Manlius* ; who, when her *Capitol*
Was grown too hot for *Jupiter*, preserv'd it ?
Or what might not *Camillus* have pretence to,
Who, when she was reduc'd to her last Stake,
Push'd it, and won it ? — What should I mention
Rutilius, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*, *Themistocles*,
Men, famous in their Ages ? Yet they fell :
Fell, where they most deserv'd.

Mon. How my Blood curdles at it ! And me-thinks,
I feel a kind of Curriishness, shot through me ;
And want no property of a Dog, but fawning,
Tho' necessary to a rising Man.

Por. Is this that Fortitude, my *Montalto* ?
This, that heroick Vertue you taught me ?
Sure, 'tis not the *Montalto* I have seen,
When Victory fate perching on his Helm ;
Or that *Montalto*, when Opprest by Numbers
He lost the Day, and yet brought Home more Glory,
Than if he had been Conqueror : Yet still,
Still the same even Temper ; Unconcern'd
At Loss, or Vict'ry.

Mon. Wou'd it not heat a Man,
To view his Wounds, which, like so many Months,
Speak out his Wrongs the lowder ? t'ave consum'd
Himself, to warm Ingratitude ?

Por. The Fruit
Of worthy Actions, is, to have done 'em ;
And every Man, that will, may give't himself.

Mon. How can I stand my Breast, against a Torrent
Of adverse Fortune ?

Por. 'Tis your greater Glory,
To stem that Flood. — How 're you beholding to her,
That she cou'd pass the Heard, and single you,
To Combate her ?

Mon. But she has cut my Sinews.

Por. The more your Honour : — I have heard you say,
That a *Roman*, was more Glorious in his scorch'd,
Than armed Hand. — Do not distrust your self,
And you must Conquer her. — The Constant Man
Is Master of himself and Fortune too.

Mon. Bless me ! — Thou glorious Woman, never made
Of common Earth ! — I am concern'd for thee.

Por. To the World's Fondlings, be their World, — with me,
My own *Montalto* out-weighs the Apparition,
The Airy Dream, which, when they think a Substance,

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Grasp at it, they awake, and find it nothing:
Sure, had it any thing worthy our Love,
It were a mind that can condemn it.

Gri. Brave Woman!

And who might't bring Philosophy to manners.

Por. If you call this Philosophy, 'tis what
Its first Inventers meant it, ere our Pedants
Had made it, rather difficult, than great.
Come, my *Montato*, come; and let th'Example
Of others Virtue, now, engage your own;
Their Glory, your imitation.

Mon. Thou hast o'ercome my, *Portia*—and I'll try
If that Content, the larger World denies,
May be found in our selves. — Even Poverty,
If it can be content, has lost its Name.
He never has enough that gapes for more;
Opinion was never Rich, nor Content Poor.

Gri. Now how I love this rugged Honesty!
Like the first Matter, 't'as all the Seeds of Good,
Only wants Form and Order.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The first Scene agen.*

Enter Quartilla, Scintilla.

Qua. Believe me, our *Signiora* has manag'd her Affair; and (if I understand any thing of the World) well.

Scin. As how? 'Pray' instruct me against the good Time.

Qua. Sh'as brought my Don on's Knees; — 'tis all now, as she'll have it.

Scin. That all! — a mighty Business! — Ha'n't they been married two Years? — And does not he Love her? — And she know it? — Few Women but would have done as much. — Besides, (and 'tis every days Experience) even the wisest Men, when they once come to Love in earnest, turn generally half-witted.

Qua. You are to be instructed indeed, *Scintilla*. — He is good natur'd, and does Love her. — But there are a many stubborn Fools in the World; and a Woman need have all her Wits about her, to keep her own. — But to get ground! — I know it may be done, but not so easie.

Scin. I warrant ye — do but bring him to the right manage at first; humour him in every thing, you can't hinder, and the rest follows; — 'tis not the point whether she Loves, but whether he believes so. — There's your Art, to get him play himself into the Nooze, and be proud of't too.

Qua. Well,

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Qua. Well, well the World is strangely alter'd since my time ; — Young Girls then were not wont to be so knowing, — but now, they are even able to teach us.

Enter Panfa.

Pan. Now Grannum, — and my pretty Convenience.

Qua. Grannum, with a Murrain t'ye! [*Panfa colls Scintilla.*
Nothing down with you, but Squab-Pigeons ; — a likely Fellow, if a Woman durst him — But Men now a-days are so deceitful — [*Aside.*

Scin. Get ye to Bianca — I'll tell her — you do so moulse one.

Qua. Fie, Signior *Panfa*, fie ; — is there no more, but fall on, without so much as a short Grace: I'm sure it was not so —

Pan. The Year you lost your Maiden-head ; — and that was so long since, you have by this time forgotten you ever had one.

Qua. Away, Kuave, — away.

Scin. Yet she'll not turn her Back to you now.

Qua. Nor a better than himself.

Pan. No anger, I beseech ye — After the dull rate Men made Love formerly, I should look upon a Petticoat, as one of the most defensible Spots in Christendom — So many Scarfes, Curtains, Portcullises, Counterworks, and what not ; but now, that we've a shorter cut, of Surprize, Sapping, down-right Storm, or Springing a Mine ; up goes Scarfe, Curtain, Portcullis — And hey da.

Scin. Well, *Panfa*, thou'lt never break thy Heart for Love.

Pan. Love! — 'tis a kind of Cholick ; — as long as ye keep it under Girdle, ye may linger on with't, and well enough ; but if it once get Breast-high, the whole Mass is infected, and I can only say (as Physicians of their dying Patients) his Time is come ; cover him up, and send for a Parson.

Enter Bianca.

Qua. Come, *Scintilla*, — 'tis as thou saidst, — here she comes, — he's a filthy Man, — e'en leave 'em together. [*Exeunt Qua. Scin.*

Pan. B'w'ye Grannum — And now, my best Girl — Thou hast not forgot, I hope.

Bian. I wish I had. — My Lady was Abroad this Afternoon, and I laid the Box as you directed ; — but when she came forth, she gave me such a Look, — ask'd me, who had been there, — and particularly named your Master.

Pan. Never the worse, — she could not have done less. — But thou hadst the Grace to deny all?

Bian. D'ye take me for a Fool? — But this I told her, — A Gentleman, I never saw before, brought it, and pray'd me to lay it in her

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Closet, as I had done ; and I hop'd, without Offence ; — if otherwise, — I was sorry.

Pan. And that clear'd all agen ?

Bian. Quite contrary, — I saw Fire in her Eyes, — yet trembled, and could hardly speak ; — at last, she commanded me to find you out, — and that you let your Master know, she must speak with him.

Pan. Must ? — my She Secretary.

Bian. Yes, must — and out of hand. — And if I lose my Place by the Bargain, I have spun a fine Thread.

Pan. Fear nothing : — Or if thou shouldst, my Master's a Gentleman, and my Bed will hold two.

Bian. You Men consider nothing.

Pan. And you Women too much. — I tell thee, my Master, the Knight, shall make his Amour to thy Lady the Princess, while I *Pan's* the Squire, put it in Practice with thee, *Bianca*, the Dam'sel.

Bian. Well now, and that's so fine — But when will ye bring me some of those Books. — Bestrew me, but I should have broke my Heart long ere this, if 'twere not for 'em.

Pan. Thou shalt have any thing ; my Heart, my all.

Bian. 'Tis not the first time you told me so. — I — But —

Pan. D'ye think I am bound to find ye fresh Oathes every time ?

Bian. When shall I see ye at our House ?

Pan. To morrow, without fail. — And is not this better than putting all to the last ? — And what's that, but singing a Psalm under the Gallows ?

Bian. But be sure now ; — and, find out your Master presently, and fend him to my Lady.

Pan. Doubt not of either — [*Exit Bianca.*] 'tis the best humour'd thing ; — a jolly Pug, and well-mouth'd, — none of the first or second Rate, I must confess. — He that sees her by Day, would hardly break his Neck to come at her by Night. — However she's good Merchantable Ware, and well Condition'd ; and (how shy soever she now and then makes it) serves my turn, when a better's out of the way.

[*Exit. Pan's.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The first Scene agen.

Enter Roderigo, solus.

Rod. MY private Instructions were to pervert, and enlarge the Kingdom of Darkness: Nor have I been Idle. — I thought *Marone* might have given me some pains; but he was mine at first, and has engaged to me, for his Brothers of the Bank. — But this *Montalto*, — I much doubt, or rather fear him.

Enter Marone.

My Friend! — welcom my better half, — we're now concern'd, Body, Soul, Interest.

Mar. And when I fail ye, I'll turn a new Leaf, and build Hospitals. — But, what progress have ye made with *Montalto*?

Rod. He's rugged, and will neither lead nor drive, but his own way; and therefore I question, whether we had not better let him alone.

Mar. But he is poor and lofty, — despair him not. — This Gold! — 'twill make a Man do any thing. — I never yet found Man or Woman that withstood it long.

Rod. I wou'd you'd feel his pulse, and I'll advance the money.

Mar. That shall be least in the Case. — And I'd willingly undertake it, but that (as you know) there's no kindness between us: And for me (but so much as to appear in it) may render it suspected; — whereas from you, — his Brother-in-Law, — his Friend, — it can't but pass.

Rod. I yield. — It shall be so.

Mar. Then, if you find him cold, I'll discover it my self. — Tell me of's Vertue! — A Rattle for Children; — I hate it perfectly, — and him for it. — Why should any man pretend to more than comes to his share?

Rod. Now let me hug my *Genius*! — and whom I love so well, that were I not sped already, I'd go no farther than your Family.

Mar. Between our selves, — give her a Fig, — and see if I don't fit ye, to your Wish.

Rod. O by no means, — you run too fast.

Mar. You need not be ashamed of her, — we are descended from *Marius*, and have had some Crown'd Heads of the House; tho', I confess it, somewhat long since they have had any Sceptre in their Hands.

Rod. I judge it by your self.

Mar. Nor,

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Mar. Nor, to tell ye Truth, can every Man say so much; or wou'd perhaps, be willing to hear all that may be said of his; and that's the Reason, why so many of the Ancients were descended from the Gods: For, when their Birth was so obscure, that they were asham'd to own it, the Jade the Mother, or some blind Poet, found out a God, to Father the Bastard. — What, I pray, were *Bacchus, Hercules, Romulus*, and several others? — Story Lyes, or their Fathers were of the doubtful Gender, and their Mothers of the Common. — But this, by the by. — And, because I hear some Body coming, I'll withdraw, for fear it happen to be *Montalto*. [Exit *Marone*.]

Rod. Devils, do they call us! — Poor Devils, where have we been bred! — This one *Marone* may shame us all; and had I done no more, is worth my Journey.

Enter Montalto.

Health, and his own Wishes, to my Brother.

Mon. The same, and more, (were't possible) to you.

Rod. But I'm half angry, — angry with my self, That this Alliance, is not yet made Friendship.

Mon. No Man shall court it more. — And such a one, As loves the Man, and not his Fortune — Such, As can hide any thing, but his Love — And whose Mistakes, shall be of weakness, not design.

Rod. Now how you speak, my Soul! — This empty World, Is hollow, — false, — ungrateful, — And Men live As if 'twere made for them, they, for themselves.

Mon. 'Twas ever so.

Rod. Witness, those mangled Officers, Maim'd Souldiers, wooden-legg'd Artillery-men, Spies, and Intelligencers out at Heels. Some, shewing their Wounds; — others, numbring the Battles they have been in, and the Estates they have lost. — Some, muttering Libels; — others, modelling a Reformation; — and not the least part of them, studying where to get a meal upon Reputation.

Mon. And yet, there's not a private Souldier, but glories in his Wounds, as having received them in Defence of his Country.

Rod. And no doubt but they call 'em, Worthy Deeds. — But I say, they are Deeds worthy of Repentance; and such are all Services paid to the Ungrateful. — To go no further than your self, — What have you got by all yours?

Mon. The satisfaction, of having done what I ought. — Vertue, is Theatre enough unto her self.

Rod. You have said well, and worthily. — And because, he that is pleased with anothers good, encreases his own. — Give me leave, Brother,

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Brother, and now Friend, to propose to you, an honourable Advan-
tage — [Montalto bows to him.

But it requires secrecy, — and I must have your word for't.

Mon. I know not what it may be.

Rod. You're at your Liberty, if you don't like it.

Mon. You have my word. [Imperia is seen peeping in.

Rod. Then thus, — There is a Prince, whose Name must be as yet
conceal'd, is so sensible of your Merit, and this Republic's Ingrati-
tude, that he has order'd ye Ten thousand Pistoles, as a small Pledge
of his future Favour; — and I'll advance the Money. [Mont. starts.

Mon. Ten Thousand Pistols! — and from a Prince unknown! — and
what must I do for all this?

Rod. Kings have their Reasons to themselves, too deep for private
Men to fathom. — Who knows, but he may have a design upon
Italy. — This — or some other place; — and, which is further in
my Instructions, — has pitch'd on you, as General for the Expedition.

Mon. How are you sure it has not taken wind?

Rod. Not a Man on this side the *Alps*, knows it besides our selves.

Mon. Or that your King will keep his Word, more than *Genoa*
has hers?

Rod. I have the money in the House. — He's coming. [Aside.

Mon. But is not this to betray my Country?

Rod. Give it another Name, and do't. — Who ever scrupled a safe
Revenge? — Success, will call it Justice.

Mon. Upon my Country?

Rod. But, Ungrateful Country. — That only is my Country, where
I am well. — And, what think you?

Mon. That you have said too much for me to hear:
I lend a Hand to Slave my Country! — No;
That won't *Montalt*'s, the disoblig'd *Montalt*'s;
Vertue forbid the Thought. — Tho' she may 've lost
Th' affection of a Mother, she's my Mother:
And as she bears that Name, I must, and will
Support her, or lie buried in her Ruines.

Rod. Howe'er, I doubt not but I'm safe; — your Word,
(The great Credential of Mankind) secures me.

Mon. Unlawful Promises oblige to nothing,
But a Repentance. — And to keep mine, here,
Wou'd be a double Crime; and break those Laws
Of Piety, and Faith, my Country claims.

Rod. Country! — A Thing of Chance, no Choice of yours:
Your Mother might have dropt ye any where: — But if
You break your Word, you violate your Honour;
And that's your own.

Mon. Perish for me, that Honour;

Life,

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Life, Estate, every thing, so she be safe :

And so — my Sister-in-Law's Husband, no more Friend,

I'll not resolve ye what I'll do. — But know,

'Twas not within my Word, not to prevent ye.

[Exit.

Rod. Bubbled! — by this good Light, merely bubbled! — and, when (one wou'd have thought) I had him, all to nothing. — Sure, sure, our Masters lie under a great mistake; and Mankind were once the ancients Devils, and invented that Sham, of their Wives sending them, only to frighten us, from vent'ring among them. —

Enter Imperia.

—— I hope she did not hear me.

Imp. And what (if I may be so bold) have my Wife Brother-in-Law and you, been projecting? — When d'ye set out?

Rod. For what? (my Dear) or whither?

Imp. Why — for the *Indies*, in a Cock-boat; — or *France*, on a Millstone. — I hope you'll go by the *North-West* Passage, and take a Bait by the way, to hear the Mermaids sing? — Your Friend, my Sister's Husband, wou'd make a special General for the Expedition. — Ten Thousand Pistoles will do no hurt; — you have it in the House, and may advance it.

Rod. Betray'd too! — [*Aside.*] But why this to me? — 'Pr'ythee, my Dear. —

Imp. Methinks you're very Familiar. — [*She turns him off.*

Rod. Nay, — my best Wife, — do but hear me.

Imp. Wife, — *Mary*! — You think I cannot read your Thoughts in your Looks. — You must be plotting, must ye!

Rod. If to raise thee to *Grandeur*, be plotting, I'm guilty. — One successful Work *Al-a-mode*, is a surer Game, than a Thousand good Works.

Imp. I smell your Design, — it is to ruine me. — I was once told by a Cunning Woman, beggary would be my End; — and you take the way to't.

Rod. I have enough, — ne'er fear it.

Imp. Yes, — and are free enough of it, to every one but me; — and there — it goes from your Heart.

Rod. Thou know'st the contrary; it is but ask and have. — Dost want any thing?

Imp. As if a Woman must have nothing, but what she wants, and asks; — my Family were never wont to ask.

Rod. And I've been kind to them, for your sake. — I have honourably bestowed two of your Sisters.

Imp. They cou'd have don't themselves.

Rod. Sent a Brother of yours into the *Levant*; — another, for *France*; —

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France ; — a third, into *Spain* ; — and am now making Provision for a fourth. — So that, in effect, I have married a Tribe to Enjoy one.

Imp. Yes, — to twit me with it. —

Enter Don Hircio.

O Signior ! — that you had come a little sooner. — Our Spouse and I have been at Jingle-jangle. — He knows I love him, and that's the Reason.

Hir. Hough ! — Jangle with you ! — I hope, Sir, you did not lift a finger, if you had — [*He cocks his Hat, and struts.*

Imp. I'd giv'n him two for one. — [*She points at him.*

Rod. And who are you ?

Hir. *Soy hydalgo come Il Re !* — My Name — *Don Hircio Zanzummim, Gogmagog*, lineally descended from the Dukes of *Infantado, Trinidado*, — or some Body else. — And if you had ! —

Imp. No, — there was nothing like it. [*Rod. startles.*

Hir. I only say, — if he had, — my Great, Great, Great-Grandfather's Afhes (his that gave the *Sultan* the Lye, and took the *Cham* of *Tartary* by the Whiskers Royal) would blush to see any of his Posterity not true to Honour. — You say he did not, — and I'm satisfied. — But if he had, — or durst but offer't, — *Voto !*

Imp. Come, Signior, I'll be his Security, [*Hir. leads Imp. off.*

Rod. She has her Bravo too ! — Cowardly Devil that I was, not to draw upon him ; yes, and fright my Wife, — who (which is some sign of Love) did not aggravate it. — Well, — go thy ways, — thou hast thy Frolicks ; — yet it shall go hard, but I will hit thy Humour.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. A noble Room in Montalto's House.

Enter Portia, sola.

Por. MY Husband is convinc'd, and so am I, The Action, in all its Circumstances, Must be *Grimaldi's* ; for't can be none's but his ; And yet I'm rack'd between the two Extreame, Of Friendship to him, and my just Resentments To his false Nephew. — All unknown to us, The Generous *Grimaldi* has restor'd My Husband's Fortune : His degenerate Nephew Has taken this occasion, to renew

Enter Fieschi, as at a stand, and gazing on her.

His long rejected Love.

D

Fies. Her

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Fief. Her Vertue sure
Has wrought Impossibilities, and added
New Graces to her Person, — as if Infinity,
Cou'd be encreast.

Por. I sent for ye, *Fieschi*;
But it had been more honourable in you,
Not to have giv'n me cause. — Your worthy Uncle
Has, to his frequent Obligations,
Added a fresh — I need not tell ye what.

Fief. And 'tis his satisfaction, that he wanted
Neither the Will, nor Means of doing it.

Por. Debts are discharg'd with Payment. — Benefits,
Pay what we can, there will be still Arrear.
But, — for his Nephew to profane that Friendship,
I could be angry — verily I could,
And wou'd, were't not to make an others ill
My own affliction.

Fief. Blame your Vertue then,
Montalto lov'd it. — And the self-same cause
That absolves him, absolves *Fieschi* too.
He rested not in Speculation only;
And shall I turn Philosopher?

Por. I'm his,
And only his; and therefore barr'd to you.

Fief. But Nature's free, and walks not by restraint,
But choice —

Por. And I have mine. —

Fief. She never Coin'd
Those Bug-bear Words, of Honour, Jealousie;
She ne'er impal'd free Woman; or design'd
A thing so Excellent for one's Embrace.

Por. Enough — When that I ever heard ye was as much
Against my will, as the concealing it
Against my Duty — No — a Vertuous Woman
Takes no more Liberty than what she ought.

Fief. At least, blame Love, not me. — I've often rais'd
Your great Idea in my Soul; and (as
A Diamond only cuts a Diamond)
Set your own Vertue 'gainst your self, — yet still
Love gets the upper-ground, and pours upon me;
So weak a Fence is Vertue against Love.

Por. We still excuse our selves. — The fault lies not
In Vertue, but our Resolutions:
Cou'd we once make our Actions work up
to our Intentions, the Work were done.

There —

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There — take your idle whatsoever it be ; *[She takes out a long white Box, and throws it toward him.]*

I knew the hand too well, to open it.

Fiesf. And will you still torment me with the sight
Of a forbidden Good ?

Por. Not good to you,
Because forbidden. — If you're wife, be gone.

Fiesf. You've said it, and I obey. *[He is going off, as forgetting the Box ; she kicks it after him ; he takes it up. Exit.]*

Por. But take your Box wi'ye.
Sure I have done some Evil, and the Guilt
Sticks on my Brow. — It must be so, — or he
Had never offer'd this Amour to me.
Be't what it will, this I'm sure, my Will
Had nothing in't ; — yet how poor and cheap
Do even the appearances of Evil make us.

Enter Grimaldi and Montalto hand in hand.

Mon. Your repeated Obligations
Deprive me of my Liberty.

Gri. In exchange, take mine.

Por. The only Injury you ever did us :
For it has put us on the Necessity
Of living and dying Ungrateful.

Mon. A Benefit too great to be receiv'd.

Gri. Not for a Friend to give. —

Mon. But what return
Cou'd ye propose ?

Gri. 'Twas overpaid it self.
To have done well, in hopes of a return,
Is the most sordid Usury. — Allay
Does but embase the Coin ; — and such a thought
Had derogated from the Majesty
Of Friendship, and been Interest. —

Mon. But does not
Equality make the lasting Friendship ?

Gri. Of Minds, I grant it. — Friendship cannot stand
With Vice or Infamy. — Degenerous mixtures
Seldom out-live the Birth. — And as ours was
Founded on Vertue (like a true-built Arch)
May it grow up, until it knit at Top,
And bid Defiance to the Shocks of Fortune.

Por. Thus you o'ercome us every way. —

Mon. Teach me,

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What 'tis to be a Friend ; — one, without whom,
As a Man can't be happy, 'tis not his least
Unhappinefs, he never knows his Friend,
But by being Unhappy himself. — A Friend !
My earthly God ! —

Gri. As you are mine, no more.
Come, let's enjoy this Salt of Life, — this All,
That gives it relifh, and without which, Life
Were but a dull Parenthesis of Time ;
The World a Wildernefs, and Man the Beaft.
I've wanted Company in a Crowd — Blest Friendship !
Thou Girdle of the World ! — Had I been Heathen,
I'd Sacrific'd unto no other Goddefs.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The First Scene agen.*

Enter Imperia, Quartilla, Scintilla.

Imp. **T**O say otherwise, were to belye him ; — and, as all Men have
their Faults, the worst of his, that I know, is, that he loves
me too well.

Scin. And such a Fault may be easily born with.

Quar. Thou'rt a meer Chicken, Girl ; — there may be as great
a mistake in loving a Woman too well, as in loving her too little. —
What wou'd I care for a Man should court my little Finger, look Babies
in my Eyes, sit and admire me : — That was not the Fashion of
my time. — Men were Men then.

Imp. And there too, he's likely enough. — Trufs and well knit. —
But why this to me ?

Quar. Your Ladifhip was wont to allow us this harmlefs Freedom.

Imp. Or, if I don't, you'll take it.

Quar. Without Offence then — What Diversion have ye ?

Imp. As pleases my Husband ; — and I have neither Eye nor Ear
to any thing else.

Scin. And a Friend wou'd study as much to please you.

Imp. I shou'd think one Husband were enough for any modest Wo-
man. — Are there naughty Women ?

Quar. Mary forbid it ! — Or that they should not be content
with one Eye, one Hand, one Leg.

Imp. But one's Husband tho', is the best Friend.

Quar. And the worst Company. — Fie (Madam) you'll ruine the
Sex. — Husband, say ye ! — A meer Thing, — a Cover-slut of
Custom.

Scin. Has not every Well two Buckets ? — Every Ship two An-
chors ? —

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chors ? — Or did you never see two Cocks cruckling about one Hen, and her, all the while picking of Straws, to make her own Nest ?

Quar. Well said, my fine Girl ! thou maist come to something in time.

Imp. How these Jades hit my humour ! — [*Aside.*] O — But — wou'd a Woman ! — a Vertuous Woman ! — a Woman of Honour ! —

Quar. Do any thing, but say her Prayers.

Imp. Besides — the Injury. —

Scin. To what ? Or whom ? — You lose nothing, sell no household Stuff, nor waste goods.

Quar. Or if the main house fall, do but keep up the Dove-coat, and you'll ne'er want Pigeons, till ye damn up the Looover.

Imp. But you know I seldom go Abroad, and for me to receive Visits, wou'd make my Husband Jealous.

Scin. That all ! —

Quar. Or can he be so ill-natur'd, as when his own Belly's full, to deny a Beggar his Leavings ?

Imp. But People will be apt to talk of a Body.

Quar. For what ? — For going to Church ! — Can't you pretend a Vow of Devotion and Chastity, for three Days a Week ?

Imp. And suppose he make the like for t'other four ?

Scin. How willingly now wou'd she be perswaded into her own Desires. — [*Aside.*] You're young, — and the Town's full.

Imp. You could not set-up then with Partridge and Quail, for the Year round ?

Scin. No (by my Troth) cou'd I not ; and yet I've but a puling Stomach.

Imp. There's somewhat in't. — What's every thing we do, but a meer Circle of Variety, or *Grand Oleo*, disht-up several ways to sweeten the wearisomness of one Pleasure by another ? — What's Imagination or Desire, when once attain'd, but Surfeit ? — Fish of Four Days old — away with't.

Quar. Your Ladiship takes it very naturally. — Don't the Men say of us — Women — and Women — and more Women — but still Women.

Imp. And shall Woman (Natures last hand, to shew what she could do) the alone walk by her self ? — To one Dark-lantern ? — She shut her Windows to the Sun, to pore over a farthing Candle ? — Which of themselves does it ? — And shall I —

Scin. No (Madam) if the Men Ring the Changes, I know not why we mayn't shuffle, and cast Knaves agen ?

Imp. Wellfare honest *Mahomet* ! — We read of no Couples in his Paradise — And yet — young, juicy Girls, plump — balmy — and never above Fifteen.

Quar. Beloved Fifteen !

Imp. And Eyes !

Scin. More sparkling than the Diamond.

Imp. H

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Imp. I shou'd have thought the Cows Eye better. — A demure Look keep its own Counsel, and a little seeming Innocence cheats a Man into a Fondness. — The sparkling Eye may hit a stragling Fool; but 'tis the melting, 'tis the dying Eye, that sweeps whole Ranks. — Let's see — [*To Scintilla.*] set thine -- hold -- there -- there was a Look! -- so — that agen.

Enter Fieschi, as consulting somewhat to himself.

Fies. What? practising against the Ball? I fear me, I may have disturbed ye.

Imp. Not at all, unless it be with your new Gravity. — But whence? whence this startch'd Face? or why? [*She breaks off Quarrel and Scin. Exeunt.*]

Fies. Besides my former Disappointments, it is not many hours since I left your Sister *Portia*. — But the same Shaggreen still, — like the *Parthian*, she kills by flying.

Imp. Alas, poor *Fieschi*! — thou'rt smitten: — I thought how ye lov'd me, and have found it.

Fies. You wrong me; — there's nothing might have taken in that fullen Fort, but I've attempted; — made all the Approaches, Love, back'd with Interest, could contrive, — but all in vain.

Imp. The Necklace cost me Twelve Hundred Duckats.

Fies. That you had seen, with what Scorn she kickt it after me.

Imp. That all! — she shall have a better Jewel.

Fies. To as much purpose. — A Rock is not more immovable.

Imp. Yet I have known a Rock blown up.

Fies. Her Vertue is as firm, as her Face charming.

Imp. Away ye Fool, — I have too many Charms of my own, to suspect anothers; — 'tis not her Beauty, but Vertue, quarrels me. — That half-fac'd Vertue, that has its Faults as well as others, but a better way of hiding 'em.

Fies. Be't what it will, 't'as conquer'd me; and were't not for my prior Love to you, I must have doted on her.

Imp. False Man. — And when I think upon the thing I'd Curse, I'll Name *Fieschi*. [*She seems to weep.*]

Fies. Be merciful, and kill me, or forgive me. — I'll yet attempt her, — I will, — but — she's your Sister.

Imp. What's that to my command? — Only conquer her, and wear my self, and Fortune. — That Nature had made me a Man! — Consider, — I'll return instantly. [*Exit.*]

Fies. If ever Man had a Wolfe by the Ears, I have one now. — If I renew my Attempts on *Portia*, and carry her, I hazard the Friendship between my Uncle and *Montalto*! and if I don't, I lose *Imperia*. — Of all Devils, defend me from a Womans Devil!

[*Enter*]

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[Enter Imperia with Bags of Gold in her Lap, and a Casket of Jewels in her Hand.

Imp. There — [She drops the Bags, and gives him the Casket. There's more Gold, and richer Jewels; — and, as a farther pledge, this, [A Ring.] and my Heart. — Not yet resolv'd? — Away.

[She strokes him. Fies. I was meditating some new Contrivance; — 'Tis done.

Imp. There spake my better Angel.

Fies. But say —

Imp. More but's? — Has she no She-friend, — no Woman — (and while I think on't, you may trust Bianca) your self no Wit, — or these no Rhetorick? [Pointing to the Bags, &c.

Fies. Once more, 'tis done as sure as Fate had seal'd it. — And if Panfa has wrought up Bianca, as I once design'd it, you'll say't your self. [He leads her off.

SCENE IV. Montalto's House.

Enter Panfa, Bianca.

Pan. They're all Abroad then?

Bian. Whether they are or not, you're out of hearing. — But what does your Master mean by all this? — I over-heard them, when he was last here; — but never let him look to come again.

Pan. Not without thee, Bianca.

Bian. I've had enough of it already; — my Lady has not given me a good Look ever since.

Pan. Patience — (my Beloved) Time and Patience —

Bian. Will do no good with her. — Besides you Men are so inconstant, — if ye had your Wish to day, you'd have another to morrow.

Pan. And are not you Women the same; — as fond of an old Sweetheart, as a brisk Widow of her third Husband.

Bian. E'en thank you selves that taught us.

Pan. Sick of every thing but a new Face.

Bian. Your own Picture to a Hair.

Pan. And so fickle, fickle, fickle, — a Man knows not where to have ye.

Bian. Bestrew me now, but that's a Fib; — where to have you, 's the Question: — Once fill your Belly, and ye drop off.

Pan. And there I must confess, you have the 'vantage, — you sick the closer. — And perhaps, though I spake too soon, — what have we got here? [He strokes her Stomach.

Bian. Nothing of your's, — I'll secure ye. — I shall be married a Tuesday next.

Pan. Still,

Pan. Still,

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Pan. Still my good merry Girl! — But say he find it?

Bian. You Men think you have all the Wit; — but I can tell ye, some Women come two, three, four, and sometimes five Months sooner than ordinary of the first Child; — but for the rest as right as others. — You're all for Nine Months at least, but I have known a nimble Fellow, not married above Eight Weeks, and his Wife has brought him a couple, — and so like the Father too!

Pan. Still the same merry Rogue.

Bian. But hark ye tho', — where are the Books you promis'd me? — I can't sleep for thinking of 'em.

Pan. And thou shalt have them in a day or two.

Bian. O! what a dainty thing it is, to see a Man here to day, and a Thousand Miles off to morrow; — mow Giants by the Waste, conquer Armies, ov'r-run Kingdoms, and all for the Love of some distress'd Princess he never saw; whilst she (poor Lady) apprehending it by instinct, sits bemoaning him in some Castle-Grate; and if she can borrow so much leisure from her Grief, Records his doughty Deeds to Posterity, in Window-cushions and Coverlets.

Pan. And then, when over the Heads of Forty or Fifty Thousand Men, all slain by his own Hand, he cuts his way to her Chamber, O! what Sighs, Looks, Half-words, and I know not what! till the Lord of the Castle, having reforc'd his Guards, Surprizes him ere he can recover *Morglay*; and from his Lady's Arms conveys him to a Dungeon, where he's fed with nothing but Horse-bisket and Puddle-water, till being fortunately releas'd by some Enchanter, his Friend, he's dropt in an unknown Defart, whence, within Three Days, he becomes Master of a great Kingdom, and within Four more. (by some private mark) proves the rightful Heir of't.

Bian. There were a Man for me! — I hate your Sots that turn Hermits, and can live Seven Years together on Nuts, Black-berries, and Acorns. — They Lovers! — O that I were a Man! that I might ha' been a Knight; or, being as I am, some little odd Princess.

Pansa. And I have much of thy humour about me; for never had any Man greater desire of Wealth and Command than my self, and that only to eat well, drink lustick, care for nothing, and have my Flatterers as other Men. — But come, *Bianca*, though I cannot make thee a Princess, I can put thee in the way, shall make thee as fine as a Princess. — Two Hundred Pistoles would do no hurt, I take it.

Bian. Ay *Mary*! but where's the Money?

Pan. Thy Master now and then lies at his Country House, and do thou but give my Master the opportunity of getting into your Lady's Apartment, some such night, and I'll secure it thee.

Bian. To what purpose? — I'm sure he will do no good.

Pan. Do thou thy part, he'll venture that; — Two Hundred Pistoles is Money:

Bian. And

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Bian. And truly (to speak my Heart) I've often wonder'd how she can be so unkind. [*She hugs him.*]

Pan. Good Nature — thou must ; — and to let thee see he's in earnest, he has sent thee Fifty in hand. — [*Gives her a Purse.*]
Come, come, there are certain Critical minutes, when a Woman can deny nothing.

Bian. But shall I be sure of the rest ?

Pan. If thou hast it not, never trust *Pausa* more.

Bian. Well then, — you speak in a lucky hour, for my Master goes out of Town to-morrow, and an hundred to one, if he return that Night. — Let your Master, and you, come about Midnight, and you'll find the Street-door unlock'd, and me, ready to receive ye. — But be sure now —

Pan. That thou shou'dst doubt it ! — [*Exeunt hand in hand.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Of Roderigo's House.

Enter Grispo and Mingo wiping their Faces.

Cris. **H**ere's a Clutter with all my heart ; — why sure, this Master of ours is either running mad, or never thinks of returning.

Min. Here was a Palace, as well furnish'd as the Duke's it self, — such Hangings, Pictures, Carpets, Plate, and every thing suitable ; — but it seems they were not rich enough ; — we're all new from top to bottom.

Cris. For my part, my Back's almost broke with Luggage, and I think thine's not much better. — Wou'd 'twere her Neck, that has been the cause of all.

Min. Yet, what wou'd not a Man do that Loves his Wife ?

Cris. Commend me to our old Home ; we have no Wives there : And (I've observ'd) here, those that so gild this Pill of Matrimony, to make it go down the easier, never take it themselves.

Min. The Truth is, neither of us need be fond of the Sex. — But every one is not our *Imperia*. — A Wife, if you have Money, will help to get more.

Cris. Or rather spend what you have.

Min. If you're at Home, she'll bear you Company.

Cris. Or rather Scold ye out of Doors.

Min. If you're Abroad —

E

Cris. Perhaps

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Cris. Perhaps Cuckold ye, ere ye come home. — But how now *Mingo*, — have ye forgot your Knitting-needles?

Min. Nor your Trap-door — meer Accidents.

Cris. I tell thee Brother of mine, A Devil of Clouts, wou'd ha' more Wit; and I'm afraid, our Master has spoil'd thee.

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. So, so, ye have done well, — ye have done more in a few hours, than a dozen Lazy Block-heads wou'd ha' done in a Week. — Yet, methinks, the Rooms might have been better Perfum'd.

Cris. We reserv'd that, till last.

Rod. Never the worse — Is the Musick come?

Min. They only wait your call.

Rod. Go then, and be sure every thing be in Order. — [*Ex. Cris. Min.* My Wife and I are Friends agen, and to confirm it, I've promis'd her a Ball; and can't but laugh, to think how she'll be pleased, with the Preparation I have made for't. — She's but taking the Air, and can't be long ere the return.

Enter Imperia. She runs to him.

Imp. O my Dear! and am not I a good Wife now? That thou'dst been with us at Duke *Doria's* Garden; The pretty Contest between Art and Nature: To see the Wilderness, Grots, Arbours, Ponds, And in the midst, over a stately Fountain, The *Neptune* of the *Ligurian Sea*, *Andrea Dorea*; the Man, who first Taught *Genoa* not to serve. — Then to behold The curious Water-works, and wanton Streams Wind here and there, as if they had forgot Their Errand to the Sea —

Rod. Thou sett'st off this So well, I fancies thou'dst design a fairer.

Imp. Dear Husband try. — And then agen, within That vast prodigious Cage, to see the Groves Of Myrtle, Orange, Gessamine, beguile The winged Quire into a Native Warble, And Pride of their restraint — Then, up and down, An antiquated Marble, or broken Statue, Majestick, even in ruine. —

Rod. It pleases me, To see thee pleas'd. —

Imp. And such a glorious Palace!

Such

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Such Picture ! Carving ! Furniture ! — my words
Cannot reach half the Splendor. — And after all,
To see the Sea, fond of the goodly-sight,
One while, glide Amorous, and lick her Walls,
As who wou'd say, come follow : But repulst,
Rally its whole Artillery of Waves,
And crowd into a Storm. — But when (*my Dear*)
When will ye fancie me such a Retirement ?

Rod. When I, like him that rais'd it, can command
The Spoils o'th' riss'd Ocean, thou shalt.

Imp. Thou'lt ever a Fetch for what thou'lt no mind to — How
can a Woman love ye ?

Rod. Do but consider — the House we now live in, is little inferior
to a Palace ; and might become my Better.

Imp. A meer Hole — and that so damp, musty, and raw —

Rod. You ne'er complain'd of it before ; — however, Fire and Per-
fumes will rectifie the Air.

Imp. Yes — to put a Woman into Fits.

Rod. Bating that Palace, there's not a House in *Genoa* better fur-
nish'd ; — and for Picture — I dare almost vie *Italy*. — Come — and
I'll shew thee. [*He offers to lead her out.*]

Imp. What ? Those in the Gallery ? — I saw 'em as I came in —
meer Sign-post work.

Rod. How ? — *Titian's Venus* ! and Sign-post work ?

Imp. A down-right Country *Jone*.

Rod. *Raphael's Paris*, and the Three Goddesses ?

Imp. A Bumkin, and his Milk-maids.

Rod. What think'st thou then of *Guido Rhem's Rape of Lucrece* ? —
Mich'el Angelo's Leda ? — Or *Corregio's Jupiter and Semele* ?

Imp. Enough to make a modest Woman look through her Fingers.

Rod. Wou'dst thou have nobler Actions ? — What say'st thou to *Car-
rachio's Persens* and *Andromeda* ? — *Pietro Testa's Iphigenia* ? — Or *Mola's
Curtius* ?

Imp. What Mr. Dawber pleases.

Rod. Or, if thou lik'st Hunting — there's *Tempesta's Acteon* !

Imp. E'en keep it to your self ; — for my part, I wou'd not put such
an Affront on my Friends, as to have 'em seen in my House. —
Picture, d'ye call 'em !

Enter Crispo.

Cris. Sir, the Company are now lighting at Door.

Imp. And why not Madam — Sauce-Box ! — [*She strikes him.*
Your Servants must disrespect me too ? — Entertain them your self
for me. [*She is running off. He stops her.*

E 2

Rod. Nay,

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Rod. Nay Wife — my dear Wife — what will our Friends say ? For thy own sake, if not mine, be civil. *[She presses to go off.]*

Imp. Say what they will — shall I humour a Husband that can deny me any thing. — You'd as good let me go, or I'll spoil all. — Let me go I say.

Rod. Thou shalt have any thing — Here — take the Keys of all I have — and please thy self. — *[She takes them grumbling.]*

Imp. You can make me do what you please — that ye can.

Rod. I'll wait upon our Friends — *[Enter Persons in Masquerade. Known or unknown, be pleas'd — They seat themselves. Musick begins. Do but observe this Air. To Imp.] A Dance of all but Rod. and Imp.]*

Imp. Scraping you mean — I'd 've made as good on a Gridiron.

Rod. Softly, my Dear — *[The Dance ends. They seat agen.]*

Imp. And such a string-halt Dance. *[After a small Intervale, another Musick.]*

Enter a Boy. He Sings.

WERE I to take Wife,
(As 'tis for my Life)
She shou'd be Brisk, Pleasant, and Merry;
A lovely fine Brown,
A Face all her own,
With a Lip, red, and round, as a Cherry.

Not much of the Wise,
Less of the Precise,
Nor over reserv'd, nor yet flying;
Hard Breasts, a streight Back,
An Eye, full and black,
But languishing, as she were dying.

And then, for her Dress,
Be't more, or be't less,
Not tawdry set out, nor yet meanly;
And one thing beside,
Just, just so much Pride,
As may serve to keep honest, and cleanly.

Imp. Whoo, ho, ho, hoo ! — here's a Voice ! — and a Song, I thank ye — *[A noise within, as of some Dishes breaking.]*
You'd have you can't tell what. *Enter*

Enter Quartilla.

Qua. O Madam, your Monkey has got into the next Room, and overturn'd all your Cupboard of China. [*She runs off in a Fury.*]

Imp. Or I had don't my self, to spite my *Don*.

Rod. I beseech ye Gentlemen, let this make no disturbance — I hope you'll take share of a short Regale.

Omnes. Alas, poor *Roderigo*!

[*Exeunt Maskers. Manet Rod.*]

Rod. Poor Hen-peckt Devil, they might have said. — The very Boys will pelt me. — [*He walks.*] But is this *Belphegor*! — this, the once, *Generalissimo*! — Yes — [*He makes a shrug.*] but subjected to all the Conditions of Humanity — and I must be contented, as well as others — at least, till I get my Keys agen: For to say Truth, my Ships are longer out than was expected, and Bills come thick upon me; some of them too, begin to be importunate. — My comfort is, they're three rich Cargoes, and any on's return will pay for all. [*Exi.*]

SCENE II. Of Montalto's House.

Enter Panfa with a dark Lanthorn, conducting Fieschi.

Pan. **S**HE's as good as her word. — The Door was unlockt. *Fies.* And I may trust her?

Pan. My Life ye may — for she ever made it a matter of Conscience, to take a Gentleman's Money, and do nothing for't.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What shall we do, Sir? — our Master's return'd — but in his own Apartment — Consider.

Fies. It must be — And why not now?

Bian. Then follow me close and softly — and do you *Panfa*, stay here till I return. [*Exeunt Bianca and Fieschi.*]

Pan. And if it hits, I'm made — and who knows but I may marry the Jade my self, for all her *Tuesday* next. — O but — but what? — To be a Cuckold. — And how many are there in the World, yet live contentedly? — But — your own Cuckold — forestal the Market — antedate your own Fortune — And what of that? I am not the first has don't, and sha'n't be the last. — This I am sure, I am the less deceiv'd. — What ere it be, Two hundred Pistoles, and my Masters Kindness, will make amends for all. [*Bianca returns.*]

Now Bianca, I was thinking, what if thou and I should join Jiblets, in an honourable Way? — What think ye of Matrimony *Bianca*?

Bian. No,

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Bian. No, *Pansa*, no — for tho' I love ye well enough, you shall never twit me with any thing of your own Knowledge — but for old Acquaintance, I'll recommend ye — She is!

Pan. The very Mop of Modesty! But what has she?

Bian. Enough for you, and to spare. — The truth is — not above Sixteen or Seventeen Thousand Duckats ready Money, and as much more, after the Death of her Grannum — But for Vertue!

Pan. The Lord knows what! — But say, she won't ha' me?

Bian. I'll put in a good Word for ye. — This for your comfort, She'll sip *Verdun* — privately tho' — and then — so good natur'd.

Pan. That's half the work: For I never knew the Devil at one end, but his Dam was at t'other. [*Noise within, as of a falling down Stairs.*

Bian. Here, *Pansa*, here. [*She puts him in a Closet, takes his Lanthorn, and Exit by one Door. Enter Fieschi running by another. He falls, and drops his Dagger.*

Fies. Where am I? Blind Fortune assist my blinder self. [*He recovers, and exit by the Door he first came in at. Bianca peeps in with her dark Lanthorn; sees the Dagger, takes it up, and gives both to Pansa, then likewise peeping.*

Bian. There — bolt the Door t'ye, while I look out another way. [*Exit.*

Enter Montalto with a Case of Pistols (in his Night-Gown) by the same Door Fieschi ran in at.

Mon. The last noise lay this way — within there, Ho! [*He knocks. What's here! — methinks I see a faint glimmering of a Light within that Closet. [He endeavours to open the Door.] Bolted within too — nay then — [He fires at the Door, Pansa slips the bolt, glares him in the Face with his dark Lanthorn. Montalto fires at him, and closes with him. Both fall. Pansa stabs him, and by that means gets from him; but not without the loss of his Dagger. Exit Pansa by the same Door as his Master: Montalto rises. Enter Servants (with Lights and Swords) undrest.*

1 *Ser.* Thieves, Thieves! — waken my Lord, he may be kill'd in's Bed.

2 *Ser.* Hold — where he stands! — He bleeds — a Handkercher, to keep the Wound from Air.

Mon. What needs this noise? — One of ye stay with me — another get me a Chirurgeon. —

3 *Ser.* I run, I run. [*Exit.*

Mon. The rest, look about the House — 'tis almost impossible he should escape. [*Third Servant returns.*

3 *Ser.* The Street Door (my Lord) is open. [*He runs off again.*

Mon. Nay, then the Bird is flown. — However, see what Servants are

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are wanting, or out of Bed. That Men knew when, to put on Arms.

[First Servant sees a Dagger on the floor, takes it up, and gives it Montalto. He starts.

1 Ser. Here's some ones Bloody Dagger.

Mon. And I know whose — I gave it him —

That was unkind.

[He throws it carelessly.

Enter Portia in a Night-Gown.

Por. My Husband Bloody! — What have I done, good Heaven! — Now, pity me — And press me not with more than I can bear, or give me strength — [She staggers; 1 Servant supports her.

Mon. Dō not thou stab me too — [Montalto breaks from the other.

'Tis but a scratch, and thy Montalto lives:

Stay! stay my Portia! — yet one minute stay, And take me with thee. [He runs to take the Dagger, 2 Ser. prevents him.

2 Ser. She begins to stir, Sir. [Montalto runs to her, and shakes her.

Mon. Return, return! at least but give an Eye,

And see who calls thee back. —

Por. My hovering Soul

Was on the Wing, and nothing, but that voice, Had checkt its flight.

Mon. Do not torment thy self:

Thou maist accuse, but canst not alter Fate.

Heav'n, Earth, all Things, have their Period.

Por. But Portia has resolv'd, she will be Portia; In not surviving you.

Mon. Respite till then:

Ev'ry Wound is not Mortal; or if 'twere,

Who comes to his last Period, dies old.

If I've liv'd well, it's enough; if ill, too long:

Life's measur'd, not by Years, but Actions.

Por. But to be thus rent from me —

Mon. If I must leave the Town, what matter is't

What Port I go out at? Or which way I die?

Death has a Thousand Roads, but all of them

Meet at the Journeys end — How happy then

Is Man, that he can neither lose his Way,

Nor pass it twice.

[Third Servant returns.

3 Ser. The Chirurgeons (Sir) are coming.

Mon. Bring them into the next Room — Come (my Dear) I hope there's no danger — However, happen what will, it shan't surprize me. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III. Roderigo's House.

Enter Roderigo, with Letters in his Hand.

Rod. 'TIS what I fear'd — my *Levant* Merchant taken by the *Turks* — my *French*-man sunk at Sea — my *Spaniard* lost at Dice. — And what's worse? My Credit is at Stake — my Cash in my Wife's Hands, and if she prove cross, there's no more to be said — I must break.

To him Don Hircio.

Hir. I am a Gentleman, Sir — and the King's no more. [*He struts.*
Rod. Heaven maintain it, Sir.

Hir. Maintain me! — I have an Estate somewhere beyond the Mountains in my own Country; and where a Pigeon House once stood; which, were it standing, as it is now fall'n, well stock'd with Pigeons, and removed to *Madrid*, might be worth to me — a brace of Thousand Mareveds yearly —

Rod. That is to say, 'about Twenty Shillings English.

Hir. Maintain me! [*Cocks and struts.*

Rod. Your Pardon, Sir.

Hir. Yet think it no Dishonour to converse with our *Jews* in black-hats, here — Somewhat below me, I must confess — but I am now and then serviceable to 'em, and they thank me.

Rod. I remember ye, Sir — Your commands to me.

Hir. That's as you please — You are Signior, a Man of Fortune, which makes them Envy you. — In short, 'tis given out, your Ships are miscarried, — and now, one taxes this, another that, a third, your *Cattamountain*, (my Relation) your Lady.

Rod. Alas, poor Fool! must she suffer too?

Hir. I was once about to have made them eat their Words — but Prudence (as sometimes it shou'd) interpos'd. — Upon the whole, if you pay 'em not Forty Thousand Duckats, you'll be Arrested ere Night.

Rod. Neither my Ships nor that, will much affect me.

Hir. The more's my Joy — But, since they are such Scoundrels, name me the Man ye do but doubt — and — he's dead.

Rod. By no means, Signior — However, as an acknowledgment of your Respect — be pleas'd — [*He gives him a small Purse.*

Hir. I beseech ye, Sir — what d'ye mean — nay — [*But takes it.*
Now cou'd I quarrel you my self, in that you dare not trust my Honour — but I can take nothing ill from so Noble a Patron; and when you have any such occasion, let me oblige ye. [*Exit.*

Rod. Her

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Rod. Her Relation, he said — a worthy one ! — And yet it may be true as he says ; and who knows, but he might be sent to set me. — My last Comfort is, I have Cash enough in the House, but the Keys of it hang at my Wife's Girdle.

Enter Imperia.

— Never more welcom, tho' to unwelcom News.

Imp. Your Ships you mean — 'Tis every where.

Rod. I'm happy yet in such a partner of my Cares — All will do well agen — Lend me thy Keys.

Imp. For what, I wis' — your Wife (it seems) is not fit to be trusted ?

Rod. Thou knowest the contrary ; — but I have some Bills charg'd on me, that require speedy payment, or they'll be protested ; and then, where am I ?

Imp. Ev'n where you please — But Keys, you get none of me — the Fool has more Wit.

Rod. I shall be ruin'd else.

Imp. Better you than I — She'll provide for one.

Rod. I have enough to bear Fourty such Losses.

Imp. Yes — in your great Iron Chest. — Away, you pitiful Don — with what Face cou'd ye cheat me with a parcel of Stones and Brick-bats, instead of Coin ? — Was this the Treasure ? These the *Doubleloons* ye talkt of ?

Rod. I tell thee, Woman, 'tis all good Silver ; and more Gold than the best of thy Family, thou so much tatlest, e'er saw together.

Imp. My Family, Gentleman ! — I was finely hope up, when all the Pride of *Italy* courted me, to marry a *Tramontane*, — a beggarly Don, — *Don Roderigo Castiliano* ! the first of his House, and the last of his Name. — Blot my Blood with your damn'd *Morisco* ! — That *Molletto* Face, might have fore-warn'd me. — But, alas, poor me — I lov'd.

[*She puts finger in eye.*]

Rod. Thou hast a Prince *Incognito* in me.

Imp. The Devil I have ! — Ha, ha, hah !

Rod. Provoke me not, for fear thou find'st me such.

Imp. And what wou'd my poor Pug ? — I have a Charm shall lay ye, good Sir Devil. — A Circle, shall cool your Courage.

Rod. Give me my Keys, I say — [*Enter a Woman with a Bandbox.*]
How now — who's this ?

Imp. Who shou'd she be ? — my Tire-Woman : She brings me Knots, Gloves, Ribbons, Points, every thing.

Rod. And now and then a Letter in the bottom o'th' Box. [*He puts his hand in the Box, finds a Letter, she snatches it from him, and throws it back ; the Tire-woman takes it up, and Exit running.*]

Mighty fine ! — And from whom, I pray ?

F

Imp. What's

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Imp. What's that to you — Jealous ! o' my Conscience, Jealous ! — I see a mousled Hood, rumpled Tippet, or tumbled Petty-coat wou'd not down with you ! my Lord *Dick*, or my Lord *Tom*, stick in your stomach. — Jealous, my Life ! Jealous ! — Know *Tramontane*, Jealousie is the effect of Weakness ; whereas, he that's Vertuous himself, belives the fame of another.

Rod. Give me my Keys, I say agen — and that Letter — Or —

[*He takes her by the sleeve.*

Imp. But, shall I have 'em agen ?

Rod. Upon my Honour thou shalt — I'll only take what will serve My present Occasion.

Imp. Shall I indeed La ? [*She Embraces him.*] And will ye never, be angry with your Wife agen ?

Rod. All, all's forgotten.

Imp. Well then — I'll try for once — [*She whips out his Sword, and bears him about the Stage ; and as she bears Company entering, she drops the Sword, and takes to her Handkerchief.*

Murder ! Murder ! Help ! Murder !

Enter Five or Six Women.

Sure all Women ha'n't such Husbands.

1 *Woman.* Now lie upon him for a Villain, beat his Wife !

2 *Wo.* Draw upon a Woman ! [*Third Woman takes up the Sword.*

Rod. Do but hear me. All fall upon him, and beat him

3 *Wo.* That were wife work indeed. down ; and having well pomell'd

Omnes. I hope you are not hurt. [*To Im.*] him they go up to *Imp.* and Exe-
unt with her. *Rod.* rises.

Rod. Nor all Men sure such Wives. — What shall I do ? — Debts, threaten me Abroad — my Wife's at Home — stay here, I cannot — and return, I dare not — [*He walks.*] And live with her Ten Years (if possible) — That blest Parenthesis, if possible.

But yet, to fall thus tamely — Be outwitted ;

And, by a Woman ! — By the drowfie *Lethe*,

Cocytus, *Acheron*, or whatever worse,

Than Fables ever feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd,

I'll make her know me better ; make her know,

What an Italianated Devil can do.

[*He gives a Stamp.*

Hoe ! *Sacrapant ! Adramelech !*

Enter Servant, with a Letter.

Ser. I am told, Sir, it requires no Answer. [*Exit Servant. He reads.*

Rod. Your House is beset with Bailiffs — Consult your Safety — Haste, if you're wise. — How I command, how the dull Slaves obey.

[*Another stamp. A hollow voice between the Scenes.*

Voice. What would *Belphegor* ?

Rod. Attend me without — what shall a poor Devil do ? — But — might not Friends take up the matter ? — Yes — and your House be-
set —

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set. — I'd come to any Terms, — but the Letter said, Haste. — I have a Loop-hool yet — but never more to maintain my Figure. — Haste, was the word ; — but must I leave thee ? — I will yet stand it. — Men and their Wives have quarrell'd, and been Friends agen —

[A noise as of the clatter of a door is heard within. He starts.
They're got into the House. Runs his Head against the Wall.
The best of't is, I have not far to go. Recovers, and Exit.

SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter Crispo and Mingo (by cross doors.) They meet, jostle, and lay their Hands to their Swords.

Min. Signior Crispp? — Mio multo illustre. [They make their drunken scrapes, and Embrace.

Crisf. Min' Here Mingo? — Vestre tres humble. — That Comerades shou'd know one another no better?

Min. And which becomes us, least of all others. — Us, that shou'd unite against the Common Enemy, Mankind.

Crisf. Thou'rt right. — And now, that we're Pot-valiant, what think'st thou of a Frolick?

Min. And kill the next we meet.

Crisf. My very thought. — A match — [They shake hands.] Our Master will not hear of our return; and if I'm hang'd, 'tis what I wou'd.

Min. And better far, than living under the Dominion of this super-devilified Imperia.

Crisf. Poor Belphegor — I have known him somewhat in my time, but now, so fotted on her, he's not himself; and all this to please her, that will be pleas'd with nothing.

Min. How one may be mistaken? — I remember, while he court-ed her, Almond-butter wou'd not melt in her mouth — so innocent, she'd have blusht t'ave seen her own Hand naked — and a Voice so low, she cou'd not hear her self. — But not Three Days married, ere (like an Alarm Clock) the House rang of her.

Crisf. I'm sure I bear her marks. — Time was, I cou'd have bolted through a Key-hole; cut Capers on the point of a Needle; giv'n the Double-Somerfet on a Pins-head; felt no more blows than a Sack of Wool; but now she's beaten me to mash.

Min. And made me meer Gut-founder'd — and I'm afraid, our Master (return when he will) will make but a ragged Account of it.

Crisf. My only hopes are, he'll be weary in time, and leave her behind him; for if ere she come among us below, we break up House for certain.

Min. A Lion (they say) runs from a Cock; and well may the Devil from a Crowing Hen.

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Cris. I am glad to see this amendment, Friend *Mingo*, and hope now, you are not so matrimonially inclin'd, as once you were?

Min. I tell thee, *Crispo*, I know not what to make of 'em. — Some are so skittish, no ground will hold 'em. — Others so resty, one can bring 'em to nothing. — And others agen (like a Rattle at a Dogs Tail) run where you will, and it still follows ye.

Cris. When all's done, there's nothing like an honest private Friend: And (between our selves) I have such a piece.

Min. As mine, I warrant ye — so loving!

Cris. So careful of her Honour, yet so obliging!

Min. As if I did not know your old *Flora* — a meer Rag of a Jade; I wonder thou durst venture on her, for fear of Navel-gauling.

Cris. And, I think, you have not much reason to brag of your greasie Tripe-wife; for my part, I hate Bog-trotting.

Min. What need this reservedness among Friends. — Upon Honour now — who shall say first.

Cris. And wound Reputation! — Fie.

Enter Marone, and a large Watch. *Crispo and Mingo run; the Watch follow.*

Mar. You may believe Neighbours, there's somewhat more than ordinary, that I am here in person. — Every man wou'd not have don't. — But see, who are those Fellows running there — follow, follow. There is a dangerous Plot now brewing, and I know who has a Finger in it up to the Elbow. — Follow, follow 'em. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Mattheo, Roderigo (as in a Vineyard). Mattheo a Spade in his hand.

Mat. I Have heard of your Quality, and great Losses — But your Wife say you? Alas, poor Gentleman! — I lost mine about a month since, and tho' I have no great reason to brag, find a miss of her.

Rod. I'll change with ye; my living Wife, for your dead Wife.

Mat. Not too much of that neither — I had, had one before; and she was well enough. — But this last! — such a — I'll tread lightly on her Grave, for fear she wake.

Rod. And what difference found ye' between a good Wife, and a bad one.

Mat. I said not, she was good, but well enough — tho' I think the difference be much the same, as between a wild Rabbet and a tame Rabbet. — However, at last, I found the way of beating the Devil out of mine.

Rod. And I should ha' thought, there was more danger of beating him in. — But, Sir, you don't consider the Catch-poles; they follow.

low upon a fresh scent ; do but preserve me from 'em, I'll make ye a man for ever.

Mat. Nor shall you repent the putting your self under my Protection — Look ye Sir — [*He takes him to the Scenes.*] you see those parings of Vines, creep under them, and I'll cover ye up. — *Rod. creeps, Mat. covers him.* When they are gone, I'll give you notice. — A handsome Fellow, and wears good Clothes. — If it miscarry, I have little to lose ; and if it succeed, I'm made for ever.

Enter Officers, they beat about.

— Pray Gentlemen don't trample my Vines — Who are ye ?
1 Off. We are the States Officers, in quest of a Gentleman we are sure took this Road.

2 Off. And cannot be far behind him. — At your Peril be it, if you conceal him.

Mat. My House is open to ye. [*Third Officer enters, Mat. digs.*

1 Off. Pr'ythee be honest to us, and thou shalt snack.

2 Off. We can afford him Forty Duckats — and that's more than thou't get in haste by digging.

Mat. Forty Duckats Gentlemen, would do me a kindness.

1 Off. And if we take him I'll be thy Pay-master — I'm sure thou knowest me — and I'll be true to thee. [*He gives his Hand.*

Mat. Signior Bricone, if I mistake not.

1 Off. Thou hast me right — and therefore doubt not thy money.

Mat. Well then — he is — [*Mat. describes Rod. Person and Clothes.*

2 Off. The same — And if he's about thy House, shew him us, and here's thy money down. [*He pulls out a Bag.*

Third Officer returns.

3 Off. There's nothing within.

Mat. I rather wish he were — But d'ye see that blind side Road, on the left hand of my Vineyard, as ye came.

1 Off. And were I to have died for my Life, I'd have taken't my self.

Mat. There did I see such a Person, and one other with him, ride by, about an hour since. — And now I better consider on't — he was the great Merchant, that lost some Ships, 'other day.

Omnes. The same, the same — To Horse, to Horse.

Mat. Ride hard, and ye can't but overtake him. [*Exeunt Off. running.*

Mat. They're gone, and *Roderigo's* Wishes follow 'em. — He told me, he'd make me a man for ever, and (I hope) he'll be as good as his word, and not lick himself whole agen, by non-performance. — Hoe Signior ! the Coast is clear, you may advance.

Enter Roderigo stalking, and looking about him.

Rod. I fancies I hear them Bills. — Hark ! what was that ?

Mat. Nothing but the Wind among the Leaves. — I have per-
form'd

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form'd my promise, and you're safe: Tho' (if you over-heard us, as you needs must) to my disadvantage.

Rod. I did, and doubly thank you, nor shall it ever be said, that I forgot mine. — But first, 'tis requisite, that you understand my Condition — Know then, I am not what I appear to you — but in few words — a very Devil.

Mat. A Devil! [Mat. starts.] and afraid of Bailiffs!

Rod. Yet so it is — I was sent to Earth by special Command, subject nevertheless to all the Conditions of Humanity; but more particularly oblig'd to marry a Wife.

Mat. Keep your Wife to your self, I have no mind to Cuckold the Devil.

Rod. And now, what with her insulting peevish Humour, my Losses at Sea, my Correspondence failing, and Creditors pressing, you see to what Condition I'm brought.

Mat. Is't come to this! — The Sham wo'n't pass on me — Come, come — uncase — [Mat. goes about to strip him.] A man for ever! — A Devil wou'd ha' been more honest.

Rod. Have but a minutes patience, and if I don't convince you of what I told ye, and you don't find me the most ingenuous, grateful, and as Gentleman-like a Devil, as you could wish, I am contented you deliver me up to my Creditors. — And, without your consent, part from ye I will not.

Mat. 'Tis Civil tho'.

[Rod. gives a stamp.

Rod. Hoe! *Surgeant, Adrameleck,* [Musick is heard, Spirits rise; they dance an Antick about Mat. and Fear nothing, they sha'n't hurt ye. *Exeunt. Mat. all the while trembling.*

Mat. Fear nothing said ye? — I'm not yet secure, but my Soul may slip out at the wrong end.

Rod. I've shewn you what I am; and now consider, what Devil of a Thousand would not such Circumstances have try'd? — But to my promise — [A noise within. He starts.] Hush! hush! — my Wife — that Wife, whom now I dread, more than ere I doated on her.

Mat. A Tittle tattle of mine, I know her Voice.

Rod. My promise, I was saying — you know the Lady *Ambrosia*?

Mat. And what of her? — She's rich — And do you but make a match for me there, I'll release you your promise.

Rod. I am no go-between; but this I'll do — as soon as I leave this place, I'll instantly possess her; and, on the Faith of an oblig'd Devil, will never leave her, till you come and force me from my Quarters. — And so, you know how, to make the Terms.

Mat. But which way must I go about it?

Rod. Sputter any thing, and that shall do. — And besides, good brisk Non-sens, with a little Balderdash, and the Gravity of a graduated Cook, to set it off, will give ye the Vogue, among the greater number;

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number ; who, like *Socrates's* Children, take more after the Mother than the Father.

Mat. My Noble Patron, I see you are in earnest ; and, because you and I must be better acquainted, your Name (I beseech ye) and Quality in the other World ?

Rod. Belphegor ; *Generalissimo* of the *Subterranean* Forces : But this Condition of Humanity, has so discompos'd me, that I'm asham'd to own what I was.

Mat. *Generalissimo* ! a Friend at Court, may (if he please) stand a man in stead. — But pray, Sir, what do ye do below ?

Rod. Much after the rate ye do here ; ever speaking well of our selves, and ill of others. — And for Friendship, as we profess not much, for what we do, we observe it as little as your selves.

Mat. A wise People ! — But how do men get thither ? Have ye no Standing-Porters to attend the Service.

Rod. By no means — No man comes thither but of himself, or his Wife's sending. — I won't deny, but when a Devil meets a man with his Skates on, he may give him a push forward. — But I'm uneasy.

[*He looks over his Shoulder.*

Mat. There's no danger. — What kind of People are ye ?

Rod. A Hotch-potch of all Tongues, Nations, and Languages : We speak the *Lingua Franca*, keep open House, and never shut our Gates to any, that had either Wit or Money ; and that's the reason we have so many Wits and Usurers among us.

Mat. And no Women ? — For notwithstanding all, I am no profess-Enemy to the Sex.

Rod. They're the best Customers we have ; they seldom come alone, with their own Lading — Some bring more, some less ; not one in ten without a Liver and a Gizard ; two Friends, at least, besides Followers.

Mat. But have ye no Divines, Physicians, Lawyers ? — What have ye ?

Rod. Of that, when we meet next.

Mat. And you'll forget — you will.

Rod. Upon Parole, I won't — [*They shake hands.*] With this further — when ever you hear of any Lady possest, be sure it is your Humble Servant, and no other.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Of Roderigo's House.

Enter Imperia, Quartilla, Scintilla.

Imp. OUR Gentleman (it seems) is gone to take the Air, and I can look about me now, without asking leave.

Quar. He

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Quar. He took so little with him, I wonder we hear nothing of him — his proud Spirit will come down in time.

Scin. But to run away in such a hurry !!

Imp. That last Note I sent him did the business.

Scin. What made a Gentleman of his Wealth and Credit, go off so soon ?

Imp. I was privy to none of his Actions ; however, so foresaw it, as to secure his Estate to my self.

Scin. And (with your Ladiship's leave) are you not bound in Honour to set him up again ?

Quar. If I thought he might not be troublesome, I'd persuade my Lady to take him home agen, and keep him in Pocket-money, for her own Credit.

Imp. No, no — I'd better remove privately and secure what I have ; and that the rather, for if ever I heard any thing in my Life, I heard his tread in my Chamber last Night.

Scin. So have I fancied a man in bed with me, but when all came to all, 'twas nothing but a Night-mare. — However (Madam) remove where you will, a Man is some Credit to a House, and ours (methinks) seems naked without him.

Quar. These Girls never consider, we shou'd have him rummaging the next Bandbox agen.

Imp. O thou remembrest me. [*She takes out a Letter broken open. Reads. — Terrachino ! — The Thousand Crowns I formerly presented your Ladiship, emboldens me — Ha, ha, hah ! — My Lord Lack-land ! — There — [She throws away the Letter.]* Tell her, that brought it, I have forgot the Token, and he must send it agen, or't wo'n't do.

[*Quartilla takes up the Letter.*

Quar. Now out upon him ! — had he the Impudence to believe other ! — No (Madam) you have it seven Years yet good to take ; and after that, you may truck, barter, or (at worst.) give.

Enter Fieschi. Imperia beckons them off. Exeunt Quar. Scin.

Imp. Ye may keep within call — And now, *Fieschi* — we have no more Excuses sure ? — And how ? — Was my Sister Complaisant ? — Has good Nature yet brought her about ?

Fies. Judge of me, as you think I deserve. — I had found all open Approaches as troublesome as Fruitless, and therefore resolv'd on Stratagem. — To this purpose, I follow'd the hint you gave me, and engag'd her Woman to give me the opportunity of getting into her Apartment, which (not many Nights since) I attempted : And tho' no one knew the House better than my self, yet being in the dark, it was my Misfortune to mistake his Apartment for hers — *Montalto* heard me, and sprang out ; I (as well I might) fled, and by another mistake, fell

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fell down Stairs ; He pursu'd ; I, recover'd the fall, and got off. —

Imp. As to give ye your due, you had ever the discretion, to save one.

Fief. I thank your Ladyship, — In short, my Servant, endeavouring to make up with me, engaged *Montalto* ; wounded him, and got off himself : And (I know not by what accident) is since, taken ; Or you might have been sure, I'd waited on ye sooner.

Imp. Wou'd thou, wert in his room — A pretty Story ! — And I believe't ? — No, thou silly nothing — 'Twas thou, that hir'dst thy Servant, to kill *Montalto* to make room for thy self — You were there ? — The same, was I — I've heard the Story — A mere Invention of your own, to excuse your self, and cheat me.

Fief. You do me wrong — That my design miscarry'd, is not my fault.

Imp. You might have laid it better.

Did I command ye to a Night-Adventure ?

I, bid ye Murder ? — No — my spotless Honour,

Cannot be blasted, by a Villain's tongue :

Send me the Jewels, and the Gold I lent ye ;

Or you will rue the time, that I send for 'em :

And so — As far as Honor, still command me ;

Further than that — Your humble Servant.

Exit Imperia.

Fief. Hey-day ! — Perfidious Woman ! and I the Fool,

To think, there ever was, or cou'd be other :

How, like Egyptian Temples, do they at distance,

Strike Reverence, and Admiration !

How Beautiful ! How Glorious ! — Approach 'em,

And view the God — You find a Cat, or Ape,

A weeping Crocodile, or perhaps a Goat :

Forgive me Vertue, but a just revenge,

And I'll abjure (That fair defect of Nature)

The very Sex ; And never think on't more,

But, as men do, of Debts, and Sins, to curse 'em.

[*Stamps.*]

And now, for that revenge — My Servant's in hold, and I know not, how soon it may be my turn ; but that I think him honest, and *Montalto* (as 'tis said) in no great danger — Help me Invention — [*Enter Quarilla*] I have it.

Qua. I thought my Lady had call'd — however, I am glad to see your Worship so well — I have often tasted of your Bounty, and would be glad ; it were in my power, to deserve it.

Fief. Thou hast an honest Face, and I ever found thee trusty.

Qua. And shall (I hope) continue so — And for my Face ; 'tis all as you see : Let them, be beholding to slops, that want 'em.

Fief. Nay, there is somewhat in it ; for Signior *Guido*, is so concern'd for thee ! thou'lt scarce believe it.

G

Qua.

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Qua. Indéed Sir! I am beholding to him, for his Well-wishes.

Fies. What wilt thou say now, if I make it a Match between ye?

Qua. Ha, ha, ha, — But how shall we live together?

Fies. He has an hundred ways of getting Money: Only (like other Men) an Hundred and fifty of spending it, besides drinking — But a Wife, will take him off, that.

Qua. And a discreet Woman, will bear, with a small Fault.

Fies. Well then — There is a small Job, which thou may'st, and canst (if thou wilt) do for me: And that once done, Let me alone for thine. *[He chucks her under the Chin.]*

Qua. And if I don't: never trust Woman again, for my sake.

Fies. Your Lady — But thou'lt laugh — And I, are all to pieces.

Qua. *Mary* forbid it! — Why, I have known ye play together like two Kittens; And as often told ye, Playing, commonly ended in earnest — If that be all, I bring ye together again; and she'll love ye, the better.

Fies. To move it to her, were to set her the farther off — But thus — Tell her, there's an Outlandish Prince, new come to Town, and that he's so enamour'd of her, that he intends her a rich Damask Bed, and Cup-board of Plate, which he'll send in, to Morrow; and wait on her himself at Night: Now, this Prince will I personate; let me alone for the Disguise.

Qua. Impossible! — She stands upon her Honour. — She receive a Night-visit! From a Stranger! And by her own Consent! — Besides, your Tongue will betray ye.

Fies. Tell her, the Prince understands no Italian; and therefore, she need not speak to him; nor take more notice of him, than if he were her Husband — And we shall have such laughing next Morning. — Come — Thou must. *[He gives her Money.]*

Qua. What contrivances you Men have, to betray poor Women! — Well then — If you'll run the hazard; send in your Present to Morrow; and come your self at Midnight; because we are to remove in a day or two; for she fancies, the House is haunted.

Fies. I'll venture, that too — only, do thou thy Part.

Qua. You are resolv'd; And be it so. — In the mean time, you shall see how I'll work her — We Women, can do much together — But I'd almost forgot — What's your Prince's Name?

Fies. *Il Principi Polacco.*

Qua. Then say, and hold *Polacco* — You'll find me ready. *[Exit Qua.]*

Fies. What Fools, a Man must sometimes, be beholding to! — And if I am not even with her Ladyship, I'll forgive her — That once over, I will endeavour, by some worthy Action, to expiate my past Folly.

Exit.

A C T

S C E N E II.

Of Roderigo's House.

Enter Marone, Imperia, Quartilla.

Imp. 'Twas a sad accident; and I fear me, more, than a bare Chance.—I hear, you took, th' Examinations.

Mar. The Friendship (Madam) I ever ow'd your Husband, might have commanded more——The rest, Signior *Grimaldi*, has appointed, to be taken here.

Imp. And what d'ye' think? — Was my poor Sister? — I love her with my Soul — Is there any thing reaches her?

Mar. Directly, nothing; But a single, uncertain Evidence, her Servant *Bianca* —— Tho' to deal freely with ye', I suspect it— Men of my Station, can see day, at a little hole: Letters, make Words, and Circumstances, Things.

Imp. Alas! Alas! — Tho' yet, my private thoughts, don't contradict ye —— What wou'd she have done, had she had my Beast? —— But, he was my Husband —— And the more unfortunate me— I lov'd him. But pray —— What ground have ye?

Mar. Enough, if not too much. — *Montalto's* Estate (however it went in my Name) was dipt in the Bank, for thirty Thousand Duckats. — *Fieschi*, pays the Money: His Servant, gave *Montalto* his Wound: And whether, your Sister, and *Fieschi*, were absolute Strangers—I leave it to your Ladyship.

Imp. I am afraid, y'ave gone too deep.

Mar. I'll not give a rush for that Man, that cannot pick any thing out of nothing— At least, bring it in, by an *Innuendo*.— Men of Business (Madam) are not so much to seek, as the World takes them.

Imp. And truly, I tremble, while I speak it —— I wish there were no design, of taking off, a Husband, to make room, for a Gallant.

Mar. My Conscience, tells me, y'ave hit the Nail.

Imp. And shall I own that Sister? Vertue, forbid it!

Enter *Grimaldi*, and *Portia*.

Grim. According to my appointment, I am come — Yet thought it, not altogether unfit, that this Lady, who is most concern'd, shou'd hear the matter.

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Mar. And pray Sir, how goes it with our Friend, *Montalto* ? Is there no hopes ?

Grim. Yes truly : and as far as I conjecture, the greatest danger of his Wound, lies in the Chirurgeon's hard words — All of them agree, it fortunately slanted, on a Rib.

Por. This worthy person inform'd me, it was his desire, the Examinations might be taken here, which made me willing, to come myself.

Imp. And that (perhaps) too soon, for somebodies credit.

Por. Whose e'er it be, I can hear it with more grief, than trouble.

Imp. Peradventure your own, or some ones else ; who knows.

Grim. I beseech you, Madam — (*To Imperia*) What mean ye ?

Por. How ill, this had become another ?

Imp. If any modest Woman, might have resented, an Husband's injuries, I, ought not to have sat down, with *Roderigo's* to me — But when I consider'd, he was my Husband, that Name soon covered all — I pray'd, no Gallant's Aid.

Grim. What's here ! The Devil washing his Face ! O Woman ! What canst thou not ! [*Aside.*]

Por. What virtuous Woman ever did ?

Imp. Recollect your self — I never doubted your Wit.

Por. Add Patience, to my Innocence good Heaven !

Grim. No more I beseech ye — And pray (Sir) how d'ye find it ?

Mar. I met a person t'other night *Incognito* ; whom (not giving me a good account of himself) I committed : He's now without.

Grim. And being informed ; that *Bianca* was found in her Cloaths, at that late hour, when this accident happen'd, I thought fit to examine her ; and all I cou'd get from her, was, there were other-guise persons concern'd, than Thieves — I sent her t'ye.

Mar. The same, she says to me : And more — She's without too :

Grim. Let's have her in. [*An Officer enters, and Exit again.*]

Mar. — Within there ! Bring in *Bianca* — But wer't not convenient that *Portia* withdrew ?

Por. She can say nothing, shall shame me to hear. [*Returns with Bianca.*]

Grim. Now *Bianca* — you remember what yo've said. — Who were those other-guise Persons ?

Bian. My Lady will be angry.

Por. Speak boldly Woman — Let Truth come out, tho' I perish.

Bian. *Fieschi*, and my Lady, had made an Affignation, and I was privy to it — But it seems my Master sitting up later than ordinary, and *Fieschi* making some noise, my Master rufst upon him, and in the Scuffle, receiv'd that Wound, from him.

Gri. *Fieschi* ! — I'll cut him from my Blood.

Imp. My

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Imp. My Sister ! Her Vertue sure, knew better things !

Por. And does, *Impéria* ——— My Innocence, is above Scandal.

Gri. And no one with him, but himself ?

Bian. Not that I saw, or heard.

Mar. Take her back again——

[*Exeunt Officers, with Bianca.*

The other (perhaps) may tell you more ——— I've kept them asunder, and neither knows, of the others being apprehended.

Gri. It was discreetly manag'd ——— Bring him in — *Fieschi* ! —— Villain ! —— Whom shall a Man put Faith in !

[*Enter by another Door, an Officer with Pansa.*

—— His Servant too ! —— What mischief (*Sirrah*) have your Master, and you, been contriving ?

Pan. None, I yet hope —— However, 'come what will of me, I will declare the Truth —— About three Nights since, *Bianca* and I, had appointed a Meeting, at her Master's House, when stealing by his Apartment, it was my misfortune, to make a stumble ; he hears me ; I fled ; He pursu'd ; I got into a Closet ; He sees a Glympe of my Lanthorn, and fires thro' it ; I got out, and glar'd him in the Face ; He fires a second Pistol, and clos'd with me ; and having no other possibility of escaping, I was forc'd, to that unfortunate Stab, which yet, I put not so home, but that he wrench'd my dagger from me.

Gri. This agrees word for word, with what *Montalto* told me —— I with tho', I could have seen the Dagger.

Pan. It was my Master's, who having left it carelessly on his Table, and I, considering there might be danger in the Streets, put it in my Pocket —— And with that Dagger, made the Blow.

Imp. Where was your Master ?

Pan. Had he been there, it is not to be thought, I'd take anothers guilt upon my self.

Gri. This Cloud will break by degrees, and I am glad, we're got so far into't —— Take off your Prisoner.

Mar. Or rather, confront him with *Bianca*.

Gri. Well thought of — bring her in again — [*She is brought in again.* You said ere while, that you saw no one but *Fieschi*, — And *Pansa* says 'twas himself only, and that by appointment between you two.

Pan. By this token, that she, hearing the noise, put me into the Closet, and bid me bolt it on the inside. [*Bianca stutters.*

Bian. If th'ast a mind to hang thy self do — Yes — he was there —— And I believe with a design of robbing the House.

Gri. Pry'thee speak Truth —— Whoever was there, Did your Lady, know any thing of it ? [*She stands confused. At last kneels.*

Bian. Good (Madam) forgive me — You're innocent. [*She howls.*

Gri.

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Gri. Take them away, and keep them severally.

[*Exeunt Officers, with the Prisoners.*]

Por. And now Sister judge favourably of me:

Poor me, whom, nothing, but a quiet Conscience,
Had kept from sinking — This, is the true joy;
And this, we give our selves; This makes us bear,
A mind, above our Sex: Fortune may clear,
The Visage, only this, can fill the Soul.

Mar. Your Servant Sir, and occasion offers, I'll wait on ye. [*Exeunt*
Grimaldi, leading Portia, by one door. Marone and Imperia
by another. Manet, Quartilla.]

Qua. And now, when all's done, *Fieschi*, for my Money — He's
scarce half rid of a Surfeit, and yet vent'ring, on the same dish a-
gain — He has a passion for her, that's certain, or otherwise, A
Love-fit at this time, were inexcusable — Well — his Present is sent in,
and that, so noble, I am afraid, he does not intend, to come often.

[*Imperia re-enters:*]

Imp. What's all that Luggage in the other Room?

Qua. A Damask Bed, with massy Fringe, and every thing suitable!
besides, a rich Cupboard of Plate! And no other name for't, but Luga-
ge? — I wish your Ladyship had such another to Morrow, we'd
find it House-room.

Imp. I must confess it noble — But whence came it?

Qua. No *Terrachino*, I dare warrant ye — It is the humble Pre-
sent of the Outlandish Prince, new come to Town; *Il Signior Principi*
Polacco — Your Ladyship, understands the rest — But did ye know,
how I enhanc'd the affair — Husband — Relations — Reputati-
on — Honour — And to all this, your utter averfeness — You'd say,
I was no Fool

Imp. Is he handsome.

Qua. What matters that? his Present, is — However, to satisfy ye
— He's as handsome a Man, as the best of us need wish, to lie Board,
and Board by — for my part, I could sink by his side.

Imp. When will he be here?

Qua. At Midnight — And you'll be asleep.

Imp. But, to a Man I never saw? How shall Hook next Morning?

Qua. Just as you did before — Or you may, if you think fit, cry
out, your Woman has betray'd ye — No body will hear ye.
— tho' yet, if ye shou'd, he understands no *Italian*.

Imp. Thou sha't supply my place — All Petticoats, are Sisters
in the dark.

Qua. I wou'd it were not, to wrong your Ladyship — come
(Madam) no more Words: Do you but leave him one side of your
Bed, he'll find, the rest, himself.

Imp. Well — we'll further consider it, within.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

SCENE III.

The Vineyard.

Enter Mattheo solus. [In a black Velvet Coat. A tipt Cane, turning up his Mustachios. Strutting, and viewing himself.]

IT is the same — Of a better Edition tho' — And truly (to give the Devil his due) He has shewn himself, much a Gentleman; which is more, than I'll say of every Man — I have already dislodg'd him, from two great Ladies; and if it holds, but one Year, how shall I dispose of this good Fortune? — My Boy — An arrant Crack-rope; Fathers own Son — I'll breed him, to my own new Trade; and send him abroad, to take his Degree — My Daughter — Let me see — she shall Marry — some Count, or other. —

Enter Grimaldi.

But hold — who knows, but here may be another Customer — and if so, I must stand off, to raise the Price. *[Aside.]*

Gri. Our Duke (Sir) is so well assured, of your more than ordinary faculty, at Exorcism, that (the Lady *Julia*) a Neice of ours, being at this time, a *Demoniack*, he sent me, to pray your help, and further, assure you, of as large a Reward, as your self could wish, or the obliging a Prince may merit. *[Mattheo, puts on a starch gravity.]*

Mat. I shall be proud, Signior, if my poor Talent, might contribute any thing, to his Serenities, or your Service — How far have you proceeded?

Gri. Try'd all, that Religion, or Physick could propose.

Mat. Have ye erected a Scheme, to know, under what direction, the Lady lies; and what kind of Devil it is, that possesses her?

Gri. I think, not.

Mat. The reason I ask ye, is, Because there are diversities of Devils — some, so easie, gentle, quiet, ye may do what ye will with 'em — Others agen, so sullen, refractory, cross-grain'd, that neither Threats, Enchantments, nor Devotion it self, will do any good on 'em.

Gri. I leave it wholly to ye.

Mat. Then the first thing I'll do, shall be to erect one; both, as to the Horary Question, and the matter it self; And when I've done that, I'll make a step to the Lady (as *Incognito*) and give ye, my Judgment of it.

Gri.

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Gri. And, credit me, it shall be gratefully acknowledg'd. [Exit.]

Mat. So so ; here's more Money coming — A Count , did I say.
— We'll better consider it.

[Enter Roderigo behind him, and gives him a tap on the Shoulder.

— Thy Fift my *Mephestophilus* ! And what ? Thou'lt left the Lady *Julia* asleep, to see a Friend ?

Rod. Thy self, thou mean'lt — But how cam'lt thou to know it ?

Mat. You see, how I improve, by your Acquaintance—'twas kindly done—And now, your Parole—What sort of People have ye, in the other World ?

Rod. What not ?

Mat. Have ye any Divines among ye ?

Rod. Why truly—we were once afraid of 'em ; And were ever and anon , making Laws against 'em : 'till at last finding, we were more afraid, than hurt ; we left them at their Liberty, to come, or go — But for the School-men, we ever thackle them, for fear they make as much disturbance there, as they have already done, here.

Mat. Any Physicians ?

Rod. And they too (for several Years together) had sent us so many on their Errand, that we grew jealous of them, as that, they design'd a Party : 'till coming to a better understanding, we have ever since, not deny'd 'em House-room, for past Services.

Mat. Any Lawyers ?

Rod. What should they, do there ? The poor Devils, have no Money, and the Rich, will part with none—And yet we want not their, Company too—But (alafs !) Let 'em get what Estate soever here, they bring not a Groat with 'em, as not doubting, but to raise another, among us : But there, the case is alter'd.

Mat. Have ye any Poets ?

Rod. Of Pretenders, not the least Number : And even there too, some few, who (regarding Glory, more than Profit) in studying, to divert others, slipt their Opportunities, and lost themselves.

Mat. Have you any Philosophers ?

Rod. What — They sell Hawks-Bells, and Rattles ?

Mat. The same.

Rod. We are, with them (like *Rome* of old, with their Figure singers) ever banishing 'em, but never rid of 'em—However, we reckon them, among the *Virtuosi*.

Mat. What are those *Virtuosi* ?

Rod. They study Nature — As why a Fly, should have six Legs ; and a Dromedary but four — Why a Cat, when she's pleas'd, holds her Tail an end ; And a Dog wags his — Why Crabs go backward ; and the like.

Mat. And very useful Enquiries — What Painters have ye ?

Rod. The Truth is, we had once banisht 'em, for painting us, more ugly

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ugly than we are ; 'till *Michael Angelo's* Day of Judgment, complemented us , with a Master of the Ceremonies ; and *Parmaſano*, and *Carrachi*, with their Improvements upon *Aretine* : Pieces (I aſſure ye) of as much Service to us, as their others of Devotion, had like to have done us miſchief.

Mat. But what becomes of Tyrants, and others, thoſe common Peſts of Mankind ? A fort of Men, we read of, in old Story, though I think the Race, be wholly run out now.

Rod. 'Twould make ye laugh, to ſee 'em — One, cobling of old Shooes ; another, heeling of Stockings ; a third, rubbing the Sweat in Hot-houſes.

Mat. Have ye, the Pox, there too ?

Rod. Millions, of Millions : For they that bring it not with them, are ſure to get it, on their firſt Landing.

Mat. Well, thou'rt a merry Devil ; and I muſt ſay, an honeſt Devil. — But heark ye — I muſt beat up your Quarters once more.

Rod. What ? never have done ?

Mat. You know I deliver'd ye from the Talons of the Law, and then, you told me, what a grateful, Gentleman Devil, you'd prove. — Prethee oblige me, this once, in quitting the Lady *Julia*, And I releaſe thee of all demands whatever.

Rod. And I have paid ye ſufficiently.

Mat. But I'm concern'd in this, beyond a Retreat — Prethee, this once or I muſt ſay too, thou art not, that grateful Devil I expected.

Rod. How Sirrah ! Tax me with Ingratitude ! — Have ye forgot, 'twas I that made your Fortune ? I that gave ye the occaſion, of that *Aphorif-matical* Cane ? And reform'd your greaſie *Shamois*, into Silks, and Sattins ? — And are ye now grown Insolent ? I'll make ye know, I can take back, as well as give : or otherwiſe, call me the moſt pitiful , poor-Spirited Raſcal of a Devil —

Mat. Nay, let's not part in Anger : A word, with ye.

Rod. As many words as you pleaſe ; but no more ſtark Love, and Kindneſs.

[*They whisper. Matheo takes him by the Collar.*]

Mat. Now Sirrah too — And ſince, nothing elſe will do it, I'll e'en return ye to your Wife. — *They ſtruggle, Rod. ſinks under him, and leaves a dead Body.*

Now ſhall I be hang'd for killing this Raſcal — There's no more to be done, but cut of his Head, and bury him ; and then (perhaps) wanting a Retreat, he may quit the Lady, of himſelf — I'll run for a Hatchet, and do it.

[*Exit Matheo. Rod. ſprings up with a hollow Laugh.*]

Rod. Hoh — Hoh — Hoh — [*Rod. runs. Belzebub riſes with horror. Mat. returns with an Hatchet, trembles, drops it, and crowds himſelf up to the Wall.*]

Belz. Whither Belphegor ! Hold !

Rod. My old Colleague, and Friend, *Belzebub* !

Belz. Which, I, abjure — we've heard of ye ; Thou poor, Thou-pitiful, Hen-hearted, ſneaking Devil !

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Thou, General ! A Scandal to the name :
Where's all that Fable of the Giants War,
Thou hast so often boasted, as thy Story ?

Rod. And 'tis my Glory yet.

Belz. In Chimney-Corners :

Thou, ever threw'st *Offa*, on *Pelion* !

Away, thou changeling ! — No — thy best Pretence,
Is the degenerate Off-spring, of their Gore ;
Their, Earth-born Gore : And all thy former Soul,
Is dwindled, to a Gloe-worm — Thou, a Devil !
A very Shame, t'us all.

Rod. The Inclination,
Follows the temper of the Body ; And I,
Was out, in mine.

Belz. Thou mightest have chosen better :
How many brave *Bandits*, were there hang'd, yearly,
That durst have trod, the utmost Brink of Space ;
Have fought the Devil, on a Precipice ;
Brav'd Fate ; And stood, a second, and third Thunder.
And thou, to take, such a tame, sniveling Slave !

Rod. Men have no Windows in their Breast ; and what
Could I, judge of a Carkass ? — He was handsome,
And so, a step, to get a Wife ; which you well know,
Was the first thing, I was obliged to do.

Belz. And thou hast, got one, with a Vengeance !
Mistaken Fool ! As if Women knew not, what a Smock-face meant ?
— They take him, for one of themselves ; only, that Nature, mi-
stook him in the Coinage — if ever they, loved any thing, it was
a rough-hewn Fellow, that knew, what was fit for 'em, and let 'em
have it — But never, their Wills — If they once get that Bitt between their
Teeth, they run away with ye.

Rod. I was to become, in all things, as a Man ; And did no more
than what other Mendid — and, if your, Grand *Cabal*, knew 'em
so well, why was I sent hither ?

Belz. As an honourable Spy — Thou hadst the World before thee ;
Every Lap, was thy Chapel of Ease ; nor wert thou bound, to Resi-
dence.

Rod. And yet, to marry, One ?

Belz. As, those other Men ; for fashion-sake — You may easily believe,
we design'd no Breed — But where lay the obligation of loving her, more
than other Men, their Wives ? — But to doat on her ! 'tis thy Eternal Blot.

Rod. There had been no quiet without it.

Belz. Unthinking Sot ! Could there be any, with it ? — If so, what
makes thee, shifting thus ? — What's become of your Million of Duckats ?

Rod. My Wife has either spent, or cheated me of 'em.

Belz. Beast of a Devil ! — Must we, torment the Bowels of the Earth,
Or

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Or from our Treasure of the Ocean, the spoils of Wracks and Tempests, furnish thee? Thy Folly, or thy Wife's, never to be satisfied—I know not what?

Rod. Ye left me to my self; and I, was guided by others — What Counsel ever drew his own Conveyance?

Belz. But thou, contrary, to all Rules of Practice, hast given thy self, Phylick. [Rod. *steps forward to him.*

Rod. As his Pennance then, even take the Doctor.

Belz. Stand off, — thou less than Man, and unworthy, the name, of Devil. — I hate a Trimming; Devil — keep off.

Rod. You, are no competent Judge; you, were never Married, your self — I submit all to *Lucifer*.

Belz. And when your time's expir'd, you shall be heard.

Rod. But if either my Wife, or Creditors catch me in the mean time, I must, and will return, at all adventures.

Belz. That, at your Peril — And remember, I tell it ye. [Sinks.

[Rod. *goes up to Math. yet trembling, and takes up the Hatchet, and lifts it at him.*

Rod. Now Sirrah, remember for what, you brought this Hatchet — But I'm a Gentleman—Live—And trouble me no more. [Exit *wisht*.

Mat. A fair Escape—But what shall I say to *Grimaldi* though — Why — he's a noble Person; and if I tell him the Truth, he may (perhaps) be satisfied; at least, for a while—And if I don't out-wit my Devil, at last, I give him leave to brain me. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Of Grimaldi's House.*

Enter Grimaldi, Marone.

Mar. 'TIS the most I can gather—*Pansa*, stands firm, to his first Examination; and *Bianca*, more and more, clears her Lady.

Gri. Nor can any thing please me better, but that, my Friend's getting up agen.

Mar. Would I could say as much, of *Roderigo*.

Gri. For why Man?

Mar. He's broke; and run away.

Gri. What? he that darkned all our Stars! —Impossible!

Mar. Too true. ———

Gri. Yet, how you magnify'd him!

Mar. His great dealings, and punctual Payments, might have cheated any Man, as well as me.

Gri. Was the Sum considerable?

Mar. Two hundred thousand Duckats at least.

Gri. 'Tis a wonder, no more follow him: for it is often with Merchants, as Nine-Pins; Hit but your first, and second right, and 'tis odds but two Parts in three, tumble.

Mar. That (I'm afraid) shall I, for one — He owes me, ten thousand Duckats;

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Duckats; And when I went to his Lady this Morning, she told me, he had left her, a Beggar.

Gri. And yet you know, he was Wife, Prudent, Vertuous, — and once, your Glory, he called ye Friend — and shall a little Dirt part ye? — Come — your Credit, will set him up again.

Mar. If it would go the Gallows, I'd venture as much more.

Gri. Your Friend — you wou'dn't sure?

Mar. My Friend — A very Rogue: A meer cheating, beggarly, bankrupt Rascal. [Enter a Servant to Marone.]

Ser. Roderigo (Sir) attempting to have got home last night, in a disguise, was met by the Bailiffs, who secur'd him; and coming to him this Morning, found him dead.

Mar. Nay then, farewell my ten thousand Duckats, if yet, that were all.

Ser. And there were found in his Pocket, some Papers purporting a design, of betraying this City, wherein you seem concern'd; upon which, the Senate have issu'd Warrants against you, and seiz'd your House, and Goods, for Moneys (as 'tis said) due to the Bank.

[Marone starts, and tears his Hair.]

Mar. Roderigo! my Papers! the Bank! — What shall I do?

Gri. Consult your Vertue — A Vertuous Man, is ever present to himself; and proof, against the worst, of Fortune.

Mar. Vertue! — Cold comfort. [He runs off. Rod. meets him.]

Rod. I was at your House, to have adjust'd, some Accounts between us, and they directed me hither. [Marone embraces him.]

Mar. Roderigo! — I'm o'er-joyed — They've bely'd my Friend — We'll never part.

Rod. Content. [Rod. takes him in his Arms, and sinks with him.]

Gri. Defend me Heaven! — What's this? [He walks. Enter Serv.]
— 't has half bereft me of my self.

Ser. A Gentleman (Sir) they call him, the Devil-Doctor desires to speak with you.

Gri. I wou'd he had come sooner — Bring him in. — [Exit Servant.]
Sure Hell's broke loose, this Year. [Enter Math. His Head broken.]

— The dreadful Object's not yet digested.

Mat. I was with the Lady according to my promise, but (like a Dog by a Glover) the Devil smelt me out from all the Company. — *Ecce signum.*

[He points to his Head.]

Gri. I'm sorry for't — But the Duke, will send ye, a healing Plaister.

Mat. And I, more sorry, that the Lady, lies under such an ill direction. — Strange Configurations — The Planets in their Detriment, Retrograde, and Malevolent; nor do I remember, to have seen, a worse Aspect of Heaven — *Saturn, and Jupiter, Sir.* —

Gri. No Canting I beseech ye — I believe it.

Mat. And for the Spirit, that possesses her — There has not such an ill-contriv'd, capricious, hectoring Devil, broke loose, these three last Centuries; I believe the Fathers are sensible of it.

Gri. The truth is, they have had a hard tug with him.

Mat.

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Mat. He is *perversus Hæreticus*,—Bell, Book, and Candle ! He danc'd a Jigg to't—And for Holy Water ! he made no more of it, than I'd have done, of a Bottle of *Montefasco*—upon the whole matter ; I judge him some Devil of Quality ; and then, I have no Power over him : All mine, are poor Devils.

Gri. This will not do---If you please to free her, it will be well accepted, and better rewarded—If not, be sure, the Duke will have ye in the *Inquisition*, and make ye set forth, by what new way, unknown to the Church, you have delivered the two former.—Or (who knows) Inquire *de Vita, & moribus*, and hang your self.

Mat. Will ye then hear me, without canting, and I'll discover all ?

Gri. Hear ye, I will ; but promise, nothing.

Mat. I ask no more— And who d'ye think this Devil is? even *Roderigo*, our late, great Merchant.

Gri. Convince me of that, and thou say'st somewhat.

Mat. The Story is too large, to tell you now ; but thus, in short — 't was by compact between us for a prior Service, of which I'll give ye an account anon—and on that score, and no other, was it, that I freed those Ladies of him.

Gri. Then thou maist the better do this.

Mat. I once, thought it : But since you spake to me, we met ; and I propos'd to him, the quitting the Lady *Julia*, as the last kindness I'd demand of him ; and he not only refus'd me, but profess'd himself my mortal Enemy : And if this, [pointing to his Head] be the Token of a Friend, I leave it to you.

Gri. I am inclin'd to believe thee—for 'twas not a Minute before you came, but he was here, and gave me that Evidence of what you say, I'll never desire, to see't agen.—But what shall we do with the Duke ?

Mat. Do not despair—I've yet a trick, shall do the Business—Get me a large Stage, with a full throng of People : Fifes, Flutes, Cornets, Trumpets, Sackbuts, Drums, Kettle-drums, Hautboys, and Bagpipes ; and let the Lady *Julia*, be brought on the Stage well attended ; and when I throw up my Hat, let 'em all strike up together, and when I cry Advance, let a Lady in a Veil, whom I'll appoint for that purpose, enter with another shout : And this, with some other Ingredients that I have, will (I doubt not) send him packing.

Gri. Appoint your time, and place, all shall be ready.

Mat. I leave that, to your pleasure.

Gri. What think you, of t'Morrow, and the Duke's great hall for th' place

Mat. None better, and I'll attend ye there. [Exit.]

A C T V. S C E N E I. The Street.

Enter Fieschi solus.

Fies. IT takes, as right as wish--*Quarilla*, was just to her hour ; and in the dark, I shuffled my Signior *Principi's* Hand, into hers, instead of mine ; and there's no doubt, but she has put them together—
He's.

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He's a brawny Fellow, and like enough, to please her — But for fear the Jade, should be fond of him, next Morning, he has his Lesson, not to answer her any thing, but broken Gibberish—The Jews sent in the Bed, and Plate on *Roderigo's* account, as new furniture for his House, and (as I am told) are resolv'd to seize it—And if my Signior *Principi* has not deceiv'd me, we shall have Rable enough, about the House, presently) — I'll take a turn or two, to see the issue. *[He walks. Enter Jews.]*

1 Jew. I say 'twas your Folly Brother, to send it, hand over Head.

2 Jew. We have had greater dealings with him, and his payment, was ever good.

1 Jew. But Men, may not be the same, at all times — It was considerable, and you should have inquir'd.

2 Jew. You, knew his Broker : And I, saw the Goods deliver'd.

1 Jew. But he was broke before.

2 Jew. How could I, know that? Men don't proclaim it.

1 Jew. Had we been bitten by a Snap, 'twere somewhat — But by a prodigal Fool! The Town, will laugh at us. *[Enter Officers.]*

2 Jew. Let's not make it worse, by talking—Come Gentlemen, stand close; and as the door opens, enter. *[He knocks, Fieschi comes up.]*

Fies. 'Morrow Gentlemen; you're early Men.

1 Jew. Business, must not be neglected.

Fies. And if I mistake not, your Attendants, speak where it lies.

2 Jew. It is too late, to conceal it now — we're miserably cheated.

Fies. What? beaten at your own Weapon!--*Roderigo* sure, is a Man of Estate, and Credit.

1 Jew. Time was, he might have commanded all we have, — But now — the Bird is flown.

2 Jew. Gone, as a Man may say, in *fumo*!

Fies. He left enough behind, unless his Wife has sold it.

1 Jew. There's the Danger — Knock harder. *[Another knock.]*

Fies. I have no small concern with him, my self, which brought me hither too; tho' not so well provided — But *[He whispers them.]* if ye can — I'll give ye. — *[Again.]*

2 Jew. When we have serv'd our selves, we're yours.

Enter Don Hercio.

Her. What rude Hand profan'd this Sanctuary?

Fies. And who are you? *[Fieschi takes him by the Arm, while the rest enter.]*

Her. I'm the righter of Wrongs, and undoer of Injuries — Heart of Steel, and Arms of Brass.

Fies. And what Figure do you make in this House?

Her. Only engag'd, in *Roderigo's* absence — And (like the Dragon of old) I watch the golden Fruit, till his return — Still, true to Honour, and will fight her Battles.

Fies. As thus, with that Baboons Snout. *[He wipes him over the Face.]*

Her. Voto! — Had it been under the Ear, y'ad measured your length.

Fies. Sirrah! Begone — And take to your old Trade of knitting Caps, making

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making Hair-buttons, Tooth-picks, and false Dice, which you learnt, of your Comerogues of the Gallies. [*Jews and Officers run out again, Quartilla following with a Paring-Shovel.*]

Qua. Why Villains! Rogues! *Jews!* Is there no consideration of a Ladies Honour?

1 Jew. Keep her Honour to her self, and give us, our Goods.

Qua. And thou *Polacco!* — Oh me! [*To Fieschi.*]

Fies. I hope, your Lady had a good Night of it.

Qua. Thou Devil Incarnate! [*Enter Boys, and Rabble, whooping.*]

Boys. *Picaro! Picaro!* make haste *Picaro!* Execution, stays for ye.

Qua. What was that? *Picaro!* [*Picaro appears above.*]

Pic. I'm but buttoning my Coat, and will be with ye, instantly.

Boys. Come down! come down! There will be no Sport, 'till you come. [*Boys hollow, Qua. lays at 'em with her Paring-Shovel. They take it from her*]

Qua. Ah Rogue! art thou there! — Have we refus'd *Velasco, Tedesco, di Parphar, di Laco!* — [*She wrings her Hands.*]

Fies. The Devil and all!

Qua. And now, to be sham'd, by the Common-Hangman!

Enter Picaro, in a white Cap, Sleeves, Apron, tuck'd round his Waste, and a large Knife stuck in it.

Boys. *Picaro! Picaro! Picaro! Picaro!*

Qua. Is this your *Principi Polacco!* — *Poveraccia! Poveraccia, peccatrice me!* — I could eat thee. — [*To Fieschi.*]

Thou a Gentleman! — You said you'd make a Whore of me, too; but, why don't you Sirrah? why don't ye? [*Clapping her Hands at him, and crying.*]

Fies. The Fool, raves — And so *Picaro!* I hope you lik'd your Bedfellow?

Pic. So well (Sir) I owe ye another Job; and that, for nothing — She was such Fleth and Blood!

Her. And shall I, see Honour thus trampled on, and yet wear trusty Steel, on Thigh! — Let me, come at the Rogue — I'll pinck his Doublet, and make a Sieve, of's Skin. [*Boys hollow, round him, and twich him behind. He draws. They tie a Cracker to him.*]

Her. Rogues, Scoundrels, Tatterdemallions! [*He whets his point on the Floor. They, fire the Cracker, and hollow.*]

— I say — Rogues, Dogs in Doublets, — Were ye more renown'd, than *Palmerin of England;* or valiant, than his Cousin, *D'Olivea:* More undaunted, than the twelve Peers of *France;* or greater Bullies, than King *Arthur's Round-Table Men:* More adventurous, than *Valentine and Orson;* or Invincible, than *Don Bellamis of Greece:* Nay — were the whole Mirrour of Knighthood contracted in ye — I'd make ye know — [*As he is ranting, Picaro and another, slip the Paring-Shovel between his Legs, hoise him on their Shoulders, carry him round the Stage, and Execut the Boys hollowing. Manet Fieschi.*]

Fies. 'Twas somewhat sharp, but just — Her Treachery, Deserv'd no better from me — And, now no more, But a long, long Farewel, to everything That looks like Woman; 'till, some worthy Action,

Com-

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Compound, for my past Folly—To repent,
Is the next step, to being Innocent.

Men are no Angels——Somewhat, must be indulg'd
To Passion, Error, or Mistake : The best,
Are not without their Faults; and the fairest Life,
Has some leaves in it to be read without Favour.

[*Marone is thrown upon the Stage. Fieschi helps him up.*
Marone sure !—'tis he—'twas said, the Devil had carried him away,
and now (be-like) has thrown him back, as not worth keeping.

Mar. Where am I ? —Or whence, came I ? —O Signior ! I
have wonders to tell ye —— *Roderigo* is a Spirit—A very Devil.

Fies. And make you, a good use, of your Escape from him.

Mar. I will, I will : And never more, oppress any Man, but having
got clear of the Senate, what I once, said in scorn, I'll now perform, in
earnest——I'll build an Hospital.

Fies. To lodge those, your self first Beggar'd.

Mar. Give what I have to Charitable Uses.

Fies. That is to say—you'll sleep upon't, and look out, for another
Mortgage, next Morning——Charity (you know) begins at home.

Mar. Respite your Censure, 'till you hear my Story — That I had
hearkned to your good, vertuous Uncle !

Fies. Whom, under my present Circumstances, I'll never see — If
ever Man lost his reason in a Petticoat, 'twas I, the poor, unfortunate,
mistaken *Fieschi*. [Exit.

SCENE II. A great Hall.

Enter Grimaldi, Mattheo.

Gri. You're a Man of your word.

Mat. And pray believe, I made not those Scruples, out of
any repugnancy, or want of Will to serve ye, but, that in case my en-
deavours, answer not my desires, you might judge, the more favourably
of me —— Are all things ready ?

Gri. They are ; and if you, want nothing, I'll go for the Lady.

Mat. I only wait her——But be sure, you follow the Directions I gave ye.

Gri. They shall be observ'd. [Exit Grimaldi.

Mat. And now, assist me thou great Patron of Mankind, Impudence !
—— I have some ends of Latin my self, besides a Bushel of hard Words,
I learnt from others, if I can hit 'em right——However (like them) I'll
trowl it of boldly, and enough of it : Nor shall that trifling Circumstance,
of Sense, and Pertinence, be any Rub in my way——Ha'n't I heard a Man
quote the Books he never read ; and cited Authors, that never were ? And
ha'n't it past ? —— What should hinder it ?

[*Grimaldi returns with Julia, in an Elbow-Chair, well attended.*

Jul. Are you, there ? I'll conjure ye —— Unhand me Villains.

Mat.

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Mat. And you too, nor Man, nor Devil: *Semibovemq; virum, Semi-virumq; bovem*—[*He whispers her*] *Belphegor*; dear *Belphegor*; you know I once serv'd ye, at a dead list—Come—be yet, civil, and depart—if not—this, is the last time of asking.

Ful. I forbid the Banes; both Parties, are not agreed—Have I, gravelled so many Doctors, to turn out now, for a pitiful *Vincello*?—Let me, come at him.

Mat. Then know, foul Fiend—*Conjuro, & commando tibi*, by St. Hugh's Bones, St. Luke's Face, and *ventre Sr. Gri.* And by all the occult Qualities, of Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury, I once more, command, and conjure ye, that ye make me direct answer, touching your fell, your Tatterdemallions, and Puggs, and forthwith depart this Lady, with all your Signatures, Tricks, Trinkets, and Trumperies, from the Crown of her Head, to the Soal of her Foot: Under the pain, that I releage, and confine ye, to your dismal Lake, for a Thousand Years, yet more, than were ever decreed ye.

Ful. The Rogue's pleasant; and I'll humour him. [Aside.]

Mat. Tell me I say, and conjure ye as before—What are ye?

Ful. Shame saw him that speers, and kenns sa'wele.

Mat. Your Name I say.

Ful. *Monsieur Devile: Don, or Signior Diavolo: Mine Here Tisle: He-venagh mac Deul*; or Sir *Duncan*, in the Devil's Name.

Mat. What's here? *Philippus, Aureolus, Theophrastus, Paracelsus, Bombastus of Hoenhayim*?—How many are there of ye?

Ful. Ten hundred thousand Tun.

Mat. Of what Order!

Ful. Like other Bodies aggregate; of none, nor ever reducible under any.

Mat. At least, your Superior's Name.

Ful. I never own'd any.

Mat. Tell me I say; and *Jubeo*!—Is there *Absoluta Potentia Asmodei, five cujusvis alii*; or a *vitium Corporis*, as say the Learned—What made ye first, possess her?

Ful. Look on her, and answer your self: She's young, and handsome.

Mat. So was your Wife Sirrah: And yet— [She falls into a Fit.] This, will work, presently—[Aside.] How long have ye been there.

Ful. Much about the time, you crackt a Commandment, with your Taylor's Wife—[*Mat. starts.*] Are ye concern'd Gentleman! Ha, hah!

Mat. Bring me the *Flagellum Daemonum*—I'll taw ye.

Ful. Or rather, give your self, the first Discipline, and I'll help, to lay it on—Ha, hah, ha!

Mat. Once more, I say, turnout—Or by the *Phoberon Phoberotaton; Ton de Apomeibomenos; And Heautontemorumenos—Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athens*—I'll—

Ful. What? my new Conjurer, what? Hoh, hoh!

Mat. I lead ye about the Country, like a Bear by the Nose; make ye turn Spits, like a Dog in a Wheel: And if that won't do't, have ye Chain'd,

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Chain'd, like a Flea, in a Box — And therefore, dispatch ; and let me know, what sign, you'll give of your departure.

Jul. Thunder, Thunder, Thunder, as thus, Rascal. [*She flies on him.*]

Mat. I'll have ye bound over, for Bloodshed, and Battery.

Jul. I fear no Justice, under Heaven.

Mat. I'll bring ye into th' Spiritual Court, and have ye Excommunicated,

Jul. I am no Member of your Church : Or if I were, I have no Money, to pay Fees.

Mat. I'll have ye burnt in Effigie, with Brimstone, Galbanum, Aristolochia, Hypericon, and Rue ; in a more terrible Cap, and painted Coat, than the Inquisition, yet ever thought of — And if all this fail ; I'll send ye back, to your Wife.

Jul. You told me so, once before ; but now (I hope) you'll stay, 'till you catch me — Yet, I don't like the Rogue. [*Aside.*]

Mat. Then I'll bring her to you. [*He throws up his Hat. Wind-Musick is heard, with a Shout, without*]

Jul. What would this Peasant be at ? — I have more than once, view'd all the Pomp of Heaven, nor am I ignorant, of what's most formidable in Hell : But what means this ? — Prethee *Matheo*, what is it ?

Mat. Are ye come to your Prethee, Sirrah ? — Either march off civilly, or know ; that Will, or Nil, you shall — Alas poor *Roderigo* ; your Wife's in chase of ye, and is just coming up stairs — Advance *Imperia* ! — [*The same Musick is heard. A Lady in a Veil enters, with shouting.*]

Julia springs at him, and falls, as dead. It thunders. All startle

Jul. 'Tis she, she's found me out.

Mat. Fear nothing ; the Work is done — and now take care of the Lady.

Gri. I'll see it done : And having made the Duke laugh, it shall be my next business, to see you gratify'd. [*Julia is carried off. Exeunt, all, but Matheo.*]

Mat. And if I get no more, 'tis no great matter — I have lin'd my self, pretty well, already : And now, all things consider'd, I think my self, happy enough, that I have 'scap'd Hanging, at last : And if in spite of my Stars, I set up for a Doctor, who can help it. [*Exit.*]

• SCENE Ultima. Montalto's House.

Enter Montalto (in a Nightgown) Marone, Portia. Attendants.

Mon. I heard it from my Friend ; and must confess, Not without some surprize : I've here, and there, Read of the Devil's Power, to condense A Cloud ; t'assume, and actuate a Body ; But never came near the Experiment, till now : Where were ye, in that absence ?

Mar. I remember

No more of that, than how, I was thrown back.

Mon. You wou'd do well to make a Scrutiny

Into

Into your self, and where you guess the Cause,
Unlearn that, first.

Por. And if you chance to find,
You have oppress'd the Poor; make restitution;
And by what's past, correct, what is to come.

Mar. I'd once, such thoughts: But, when I consider'd,
I only took, what Law, had given me,
I thought, there was no such great haste, or need.

Por. The greater the Oppression, when Law,
Is made the Stale to't. — This of *Roderigo*.

For ought you know, was given ye, as a Caution.

Mar. And had there been no Malice of his own,
I should have thought so: But, he ow'd me Money;
Ten thousand Duckats; And, o' my Conscience,
Thought to have frighten'd me, to a Release;
And, if I've giv'n him one, I'll plead, *per dures*.

However, this I'm resolv'd — That and other, the like Debts, I'll
give 'em all, to Pious Uses — But for Restitution — Alas, my Estate's
but small, and I cannot. [Montalto smiles.]

Mon. That is, you will not — Nor (perhaps) repent,
The late intended Treachery to your Country:

A Vertuous Man (like *Scæva* in the Breach)
Combats an Army, singly, for her, safety;
Inseparably they stand, and fall together:

Cato, wou'd not survive, his Countreys Liberty;
Nor did that Liberty, out-live *Cato*.

Make me think better of ye — yet, begin;
Delay, is just so much time lost. [Enter Grimaldi, Matheo.]

Gri. My Doctor here, has giv'n him a third remove.

Mat. And I hope, there will be no occasion, of Shooing him round.

Gri. He'll tell ye the Story within; and, not unworth your hearing —
In the mean, I cannot, too often congratulate, your recovery.

Mon. Nor I, acknowledge, your Friendship.

I'll tell ye News — Good News (for there's nothing,
We must not share) — Methinks, I am become
Another Man; And this small quiet, pleases,
Beyond the noise, of Crowds — Now, I can see,
The great ones, heave like Moles, and at next turn,
Heave out themselves; Another (Mushrome-like)
Spring in a Night, and cropp'd ere Noon; A third,
Snatch at a Booty, which, a fourth, strikes from him,
And unconcern'd, my self.

Gri. True happiness,
Lies not in Greatness, but an honest Mind;
Not fram'd, of Accidents, nor subject to 'em
A serene Breast; and such a life, as is not
'Sham'd to live, nor yet afraid, to die.

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Por. And yet, how does the World, turmoil it self!
How do they play away their days! and trifle,
Their time in parts, 'till they have slipp'd the whole!
One business breeds another; Hope, desire;
And that, makes room for more: How they afflict
Themselves, and envy others! Restless in War,
And ev'n in peace unquiet! Compass with Care,
What they possess, with more Anxiety!

Mon. To them that love it, be't—I neither, like,
The Merchandise, nor price,—What is't to him,
That can't dissemble? Him, that cannot flatter?
That's not ambitious, by Indignities,
To rise to Dignities, and lose himself?
Whereas Retirement, as it costs us nothing,
Is much the shorter cut, to Heaven it self.

Enter Imperia and Quartilla as Distracted.

Imp. Help, Help me, Sister!—Can ye forgive me—you can't, you can't
—Whither shall I run—He'll ha'me, he'll ha'me.

Por. You never injur'd me, or if you had, I have (as I ought) forgot it.

Qua. Our House is more than haunted.

Imp. Sister — Sister—I've marry'd the Devil,—See! where he stands!

Por. Bless the poor miserable Woman, good Heaven!

Qua. His Eyes, as big as Pumpkins. [*She starts.*] And a Mouth, like
any Baker's Oven—Let me alone good Devil, and take my Lady—the's
younger Flesh. [*She starts up and down, and shrieks.*]

Imp. See—See—The House cracks—The Walls, are coming together
—That Beam, was shot at me.

Qua. I'm your old Servant *Quartilla*—good Devil.

Imp. There too—The Ground opens—I'll at him tho'—Dost thou
yet brave me—Time was, thou fear'dst me more—I'll give ye back,
your Keys—Dost thou yet—yet—

Por. I see nothing, Sister—pray walk in with me—my Innocence, dares
speak to him.

Imp. There, there, the greater Devil, *Fieschi*!

Por. Poor afflicted Woman—Her hurt Imagination, conceives any
thing—Pray go in with me; I'll bear ye Company.

Imp. No no,—I'll out, at that Window. [*Ent. Rod. All are surpriz'd. Imp.
and Quart. shriek, and run off. Portia follows. Rod. makes up to
Marone, He gets behind Montalto. Mon. steps out.*]

Mon. Horror!—Be Man, or Devil, I'll know what thou art. [*Rod.
gives back.*]

Rod. Thy Vertue is beyond the Power of Hell—Be safe—And if you
have not heard my Story, there's one. [*He points to Math.*] can tell it
ye—And so, my Embassie is at an end, per-force.

Mat. And your Creditors, may speak to ye, upon even terms.

Rod. No more of that—On what account, I first assum'd this Body,
you

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you [*To Matheo.*] know — how I liv'd among ye, ye all know — And why, I went off so soon, my Wife, best knows — In short, I have found Earth the greater Hell, and being obliged to no more than my own Experience, must declare, that Mens Souls, are in the right, and 'tis their Wives, that send them thither. — And for my self, promise ye, I'll never again repent me, at so dear a rate. [*Exit.*]

Mon. Stupendious! — And the more I consider it, the more, I'm at a loss — My first surprise, is now, astonishment.

Gri. I'm of Opinion, his two Servants, that were taken up the other night, may be the same, as their Master, and therefore I order'd *Picaro*, to bring them hither, as if they were to be put upon the Rack : Perhaps, they'll tell ye more.

Mon. It can be no hurt ; tho', nothing yet appears against em.

Gri. I would, I could say as much of my unfortunate Nephew, that was ; and whom, *Imperia's* last words, unwillingly brought to my Memory — Can ye, as I have, and ever will, forget him.

Mon. And more than that — I have forgiv'n him ; do you the same — He is not, naturally, Vicious, and who knows, what his future actions may be — whatever were the Injury design'd, it was to me — My *Portia* is safe and I'm reveng'd enough — The dismal Object once agen !

[*Enter Rod. plodding. All the Company again surprized.*]

Rod. But stay ——— suppose ———

Mat. Are you, come agen ! — Nay then advance Bailiffs ! [*Rod.*

starts. Recovers it, and goes up, rustling to him.]

Rod. Beware firrah, how you fool, once too much — Suppose I say (my Term, being not a full third part expir'd) they'll not receive me below ? — Why — I must find somewhere, to put my Head — For the Women, I bar 'em, Bye, and Main : Who knows, but I may have better luck among the Men ? — I have (I must confess) learn'd some Wit among ye ; and according to your frank, open, wonted Simplicity, I'll tell ye my design ; cross-bite it, if you can.

Mat. That could I, firrah, if I durst.

[*From behind Montalto.*]

Rod. I'll buz Fears, and Jealousies, among Citizens — Factions, among Country Gentlemen — Grumbings, among Younger Brothers — Heart-burnings, among Courtiers — And Sedition, among the Common People. — But, suppose again, my Citizens Wife, work her Husband, into a good Trade ? — My Country-Gentleman, be made a Justice of the Peace ? — My Younger Brother, become an Elder Brother ? — My Courtier, stumble on a good Office ; or, be taken off, with a Feather in his Cap ? — The common People, get another Opinion by the end ? — And at last Necessity force every Man, to comply, with what he is ? Then am I but where I was. — And (as I said before) in the greater Hell — And therefore Gentlemen, 'till we meet again, *Buonos Nochios.* [*He sinks on the Stage.*]

Mon. It yet, amazes me.

Mat. Do not believe him, — it is not the first time he has shewn me, that trick.

Enter

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Enter Picaro, with Crispo, and Mingo, manacled.

Pic. I have brought them (Sir) according to your commands: But, if I may be believ'd, in my own Trade; the first stretch, will pull 'em in pieces.

Gri. However, give 'em the Question——What are ye?

Crisp. The same our Master was—And since our Master (as I see) has giv'n us the slip; what have I to do, but follow him?

Min. The same will trusty *Mingo*.——Tell us of Racks! As I, came whole among ye, be assur'd, I'll not hazard, a Joynt, to satisfie, a World—Ev'n take 'em all together.

Crisp. And mine to boot. [*Crisp. and Min. drop, and leave dead Bodies.*]

Gri. 'Tis what I thought—Those Bodies, were assur'd—See if you know 'em; perhaps, they may have past your hand. [*To Picaro.*]

Pic. As likely, as not; [*He turns them*]—Why truly Sir, it is no Countrey Work, and whoever did it, need not be asham'd of't—Once more—The Knot, is in the right place; and now I better consider it, 'tis all my own work; this *Roderigo*—I remember him—his name, was *Scabbalucchio*, a *Neapolitan Bandit*; I made his Passport for't other World, about four Years since—But a more cowardly Rogue, I never saw—He hung on Arse, more than a Bear, going to a Stake; and was three quarters dead, ere he got half the Ladder.—But for the other two, I know no more of them, but that it was my Work too; and for Plain-Work, I dare justify it.

Gri. Well, take them off, and throw 'em together, into some hole or other. [*They are dragg'd off.*]

Mar. And let 'em lye, 'till I enquire after them.

Gri. And beware you, how ye venture another trip, to *Terra damnata*.

Mar. But the Mob (I'm told) are got into my House, and rifling, what the Bank has left.

Gri. 'Tis natural to 'em, when they cannot cudgel the As's, to vent their rage against the Pack-Saddle——Go, make your Peace with the Senate, and for the rest, time may obliterate your Oppressions, and the next Age forget their Fathers were undone by ye. [*Portia re-enters.*]

Por. Poor comfortless Woman; she's fall'n asleep at last.

Mon. I think 'twould do well, to send her, and all the Women, to the *Convertiti*.

Gri. And for *Pansa*, I'll secure him, the Gallies.——And now Sir, give me leave to tell ye in private, what yet, I have in charge from the Senate.——Our Duke, having absolv'd his two Years Government, the Senate, is at last become so sensible of your Merit, that they have elected you, Duke, in his room:——A more solemn Message, will suddenly attend ye.

Mon. Tempt not your Friend, with a fair gilded Pill.
All bitterness within: I am content,

And

And what can Providence add more.

Cesar himself, The Master of so many,
Is yet, the Servant of more.

Por. And why should my *Montalto* seek elsewhere,
What he may give himself? — If ever Ambition
Were justifiable, 'tis the Ambition,
Of being rather good, than great.

Gri. Let Snakes, and Worms (the Emblems of Self-Love)
Circle themselves, into themselves; while Nature
Minds more, the Preservation of the whole,
Than any single Birth — Your Country calls,
And you must once more, serve her.

Mon. Why should I waste my small remain of Life,
In blind pursuit, of what, can only serve me,
To furnish out, an Epitaph? Yet must,
Subject me, to the World, and lash of Fortune.

Por. Fortune. Who'd trust her, that has ever heard,
A Triumph, turn'd into a Sacrifice?
Or a swoll'n Favourite, whom the same day,
Saw worshipp'd, by the Senate, and ere night,
Torn piece-meal, by the People.

Mon. No *Portia*,
We'll find some nobler Object; one, on which
She has no Empire.

Por. There, spoke *Montalto*!
And let the World, from his Example, learn.
Crimes may be fortunate, while Vertue creeps;
And (like a Flower, oppress'd with Morning Dew)
Droops its neglected Head; but it will, rise;
Rise, under the dead weight; when t'others shall
(Like mighty Ruins) break themselves, on what they fall.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by IMPERIA.

ALL is not done: There's yet, a word or two,
For th' Author; And (Fair Ladies) first to you:
You, who're the making, or the marring Powers,
(For most Mens Watches ever went by yours)
From you, he hopes he need not fear a frown,
For what is Portia's Vertue, but your own?
Your own transcrib'd: and what (if ye must know
The truth) he only copy'd off from you.

But for my self: For once, ev'n let me pass; }
And tho' the face mayn't please ye, spare th' Glass; }
Ye can't but say, I made the Devil an Ass:
Contraries, by their contraries appear;
Were you all 'like, where were the Good, or Fair?
There were no Fund for Wit, were all Men Wise,
And Fools, wou'd want their Representatives.

Faith (Ladies) take it favourably; and then,
He thinks he's more than half-secure o'th' Men:
For you, that have good Wives, can't disapprove
That in another, which in them, ye love:

And you, that have got bad ones, cannot call
The Copy ill, that hits th' Original:
What, tho' at home, ye dare scarce tread, for fear;
Tare out of hearing now, and may laugh, here:
And you, that nev'r had any of your own,
May view the Ground, before the Match be run.

Sure, some of ye will be pleas'd: And if so,
Give me your hands upon't: And seal it you
(Fair Ladies) with a Smile, 'twill clear the Air,
Make it a starry Evening, and all, fair.

FINIS.

